

The Listener

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'La Suerte', by Wyndham Lewis: from the exhibition 'Wyndham Lewis and Vorticism', now at the Tate Gallery, London

In this number:

Has the World Enough Oil? (P. H. Frankel)

G.B.S. in the Theatre (St. John Ervine)

Menander: 'Inventor of Modern Comedy' (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)



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The Listener

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The Transfer of Political Power

By S. FAWZI

AMONG the many developments in colonial policy in the last ten years perhaps the most remarkable is the rate at which self-government has been speeded up in the British dependencies. Britain has already relinquished its sovereignty in a number of countries, notably in Asia, while in Africa the Sudan has already attained its independence, and the Gold Coast and Nigeria are on the verge of freedom. But there is one aspect of this which is, I think, alarming: the differences of interpretation of events. To the leaders of the newly emancipated areas—and perhaps even more to those of the territories approaching full self-government—this accelerated transfer of power appears as the natural result of intensified nationalist pressure. To most Britons, on the other hand, it looks like the fulfilment of the declared objective of British colonial policy—that is, the fruition of the policy of training dependent peoples so that they can eventually govern themselves, preferably as members of the Commonwealth. However, in view of the speed with which colonial territories are turning nowadays into independent states, it seems a good time for a few reflections on this peculiarly difficult operation which we have come to know as the 'transfer of power'.

I have deliberately called it 'peculiarly difficult'—and yet I see no reason why it should always be difficult. We are in a period of experiment, and already one can construct a model of how power can be transferred from the Imperial Government to the hitherto dependent people happily and smoothly. That recent transfers of power have, in fact, not been ideally smooth is perhaps owing, among other things, to the inevitable tensions that seem to characterise the colonial relationship in its final phases. To say this, however, is not to maintain that tensions cannot be lessened or that it is impossible to provide an institutional framework within which power can be transferred with minimum friction. I want to argue that the Sudan offers a much happier example than most of the handing over of the reins of government to the leaders of a dependent people—largely because of the rather unusual nature

of the arrangements created for the transfer of power in the Sudan.

Before I argue this case I want to look at a few of the difficulties that have complicated recent transfers of power in other countries. On the face of it, the final stage of colonial rule ought to be relatively happy: nationalist leaders are asking for power to be transferred and the Imperial Power is already committed to that goal. Ideally, therefore, the two sides ought to be able to agree relatively easily on the way this mutual objective could be secured. In fact, however, the situation is often less smooth or harmonious than it should be. One reason for this unhappy state of affairs is distrust on the part of the dependent people. In India, for instance, nationalists apparently persisted to the last moment in believing that the British would not quit by themselves—that they would have to be pushed out. This characteristic lack of confidence that the Imperial Power will carry out its declared policy of surrendering control often lies behind the familiar nationalist demand that a time-limit should be set, a date at which the dependent people are to become fully and completely their own masters. This problem came up over Burma, and Cyprus, too, where one of the issues that complicated the negotiations between the Governor and the Archbishop was the latter's demand for a definite date for the exercise of self-determination.

Another difficulty that often complicates the negotiations between the Imperial Power and the nationalist leaders over the transfer of power is the degree of autonomy to be granted to the nationalists during the transitional period. Control of external affairs and security are usually reserved for the Imperial Power; so also is the power to suspend the transitional constitution in case of an economic or political breakdown. Difficulties sometimes arise, however, as happened in the case of Singapore, over responsibility for internal security. Nationalist leaders seem to be too sensitive, in their eagerness to assume control, to tolerate any interference in what they regard as purely internal affairs. Moreover, they often construe such interference by the Imperial Government as an

attempt to deprive them of the substance of power. Add to this that there is usually no dearth of so-called 'extremists' in the dependent territory, whose reactions to any concession over internal affairs cannot be disregarded by the nationalist leaders when they are taking part in the negotiations with the Imperial Power.

These, then, are some of the factors that usually complicate the transfer of power from the British Government to a hitherto subject people. They point to some of the conditions which, if fulfilled, could make such transfers less difficult and much smoother. The most important of these conditions is the establishment of agreed arrangements and an agreed timetable so that transfer can proceed by orderly and peaceful steps. This, more than anything else, would foster confidence. There must, in fact, be a mutually acceptable, well-defined transitional period during which the institutions of self-government could be set up and at the end of which there would be full independence.

Example of the Sudan

All this can be illustrated by what happened in the Sudan. In the Sudan power has recently been transferred, in accordance with the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of February 1953, with a relatively large measure of success. The Agreement fulfilled to a large extent all the conditions I have mentioned. It was, to begin with, the result of the deliberations of everybody concerned: Britain, Egypt, and the Sudanese. This meant that all sides had a moral, as well as a legal, obligation to carry it out. More important, perhaps, was the desire on all sides to carry out the provisions. Egypt and Britain had accused each other of interference in the general elections that ushered in self-government in the Sudan. The Sudanese parties themselves had also some complaints about the behaviour of the co-dominion during the election. But these complaints serve in fact to emphasise the measure of respect felt by all sides for the Agreement. For each party took their stand on the provisions of the Agreement when submitting a complaint. The point is also borne out by the fact that the body to which these complaints were made was the Electoral Commission set up under the Agreement itself, and entrusted with the task of conducting the election and ensuring its neutrality. So it is clear that but for the fact that the Agreement had the approval of all parties to the Sudan dispute, this result could not have been achieved.

But there was another factor which was of equal importance in engendering trust among the Sudanese. The Sudanese have always felt that their bargaining position was particularly strong in view of the differences that existed until the signing of the Agreement between the two Imperial Powers under whose tutelage they lived. But, though a source of confidence to the Sudanese, this feeling naturally did not increase harmony between Britain and Egypt. The arrangements made under the Agreement for the transfer of power to Sudanese hands was a much surer source of self-confidence and helped to foster their willingness to co-operate during the transitional period. The Agreement fulfilled my second condition, too. It embodied a comprehensive and detailed programme for the transfer of power. It envisaged a maximum transitional period of three years during which the self-governing institutions could be set up, the evacuation of foreign troops completed, and the Sudanisation of the Civil Service effected. The transitional period was to be brought to an end on the initiative of the Sudanese parliament itself.

This detailed plan was a good thing in many ways. It demonstrated in an unmistakable way that power *was* going to be transferred. The people of the Sudan had therefore every incentive to co-operate. Perhaps even more important, they had no reason to entertain fears about possible changes in imperial policy, for the Agreement not only imposed a time limit within which power was to be transferred, it also vested the initiative for the termination of the transitional period in the hands of the Sudanese themselves. At the same time there was no uncertainty about the later steps of the transfer, and therefore the whole operation, from beginning to end, could be embarked upon with no misgivings or fears. It is true that the Sudanese themselves later on declared their own independence rather than entering into a formal act of choice between independence and unity with Egypt as laid down in the Agreement. This was, however, due to the fact that the pro-unity parties in the Sudan abandoned their original objectives and joined the rest of the country in wanting an independent Sudan. It was itself a sign of the relative smoothness with which the transition had been carried out that both Egypt and Britain hastened to recognise the decision of the Sudanese parliament over the future of the country.

The differences about the powers to be reserved for the British

Governor-General during the transitional period were resolved by creating a mixed international commission whose prior approval he had, in most cases, to obtain before he could act. Indeed, the fact that the whole transition of the Sudan from a state of dependence to that of independence took place under international supervision helped to reduce possible friction. For international supervision, apart from inspiring confidence that the Agreement would be faithfully carried out by all sides, also provided a useful buffer between the co-dominion.

In view of all this it is not surprising that the transfer of power in the Sudan took place with relative smoothness. And yet absence of friction is not the only criterion by which the success of transferring power could be assessed. It is equally important, as Sir Ivor Jennings argued last summer in the Third Programme*, that the administration should not break down and that the conduct of social and economic development programmes should not be interrupted, for law and order are the basis of all government and development is the only way by which the standard of the people could be maintained or improved. No one wanted a repetition of the experiences of India and Palestine, where law and order proved difficult to maintain at first. So, in considering the Sudan, one must also ask whether it was possible to maintain administrative efficiency. In this connection two important problems deserve some discussion.

The first concerns the Sudanisation of the Civil Service. Sudanisation was deemed necessary in the interests of a free choice of their own future by the people. Observers feared, however, that quick Sudanisation might lower administrative standards and self-government might become bad government. The danger is real and is inherent in all speedy transfers of power. But the Sudan was again relatively fortunate in this respect. For at the time of self-government some Sudanese had already become deputy governors in the provinces and many of them had acted as deputy directors in the departments, as Sudanisation had started by the outgoing administration in the early nineteen-forties. But the Sudanisation of the administration and the resignation of a relatively large number of foreign technical experts undoubtedly did affect the pace of development. The transitional period is over, and the independent Sudan is at present engaging the services of a large number of foreign experts. The need of an underdeveloped country for expatriate technical assistance does not end with its attainment of independence. In some cases the need for technical help may even increase.

The second problem which received added emphasis in the Sudan during the transitional period arose from the fact that the Sudanese peoples are not homogeneous. In the north there live 6,000,000 Moslem Arabs; in the south 3,000,000 African tribesmen. The racial difference between the two groups is made worse by bad feeling from the past. Some southerners still cherish bitter memories of the nineteenth-century slave trade in which some northerners took part. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the south is less developed than the north, and consequently Sudanisation in the south simply meant the substitution of northern for British administrators. It was this gulf between the two parts of the country that led, in August 1955, to the mutiny of southern troops. At present, southern politicians are asking for federal status for the south, and the Sudanese parliament, when it declared the Sudan a sovereign independent republic, in December 1955, recommended that the desire of the south for federal status should be fully and carefully considered.

Problems for the Newly Born State

This sort of problem, too, will be met elsewhere and reminds one of the problems in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The fact is that the transfer of power to a hitherto dependent country usually brings into existence a state and not a nation. And yet the future of the newly born state will depend to a large extent on its adopting policies designed to weld the different peoples living in it into an integrated national group. To wait until a cohesive national group has emerged before transferring power may seem the right thing in theory. In practice, however, nationalist pressure usually reaches such an intensity that the transfer of power becomes inevitable if bitterness, and indeed violence and bloodshed, are to be avoided. But once power is transferred the newly born state must tackle the formidable problem of nation building with all the vigour and resources at its disposal. It is, therefore, important that the transfer of power should be arranged in such a way that the political structure of the newly created state would be strong enough to weather the internal strains and stresses arising from the heterogeneity of its peoples. This, I think, has been achieved in the Sudan.—Third Programme

* Talk printed in THE LISTENER of July 14, 1955

Yugoslavia Between Two Worlds

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

LIKE many other people in the world, the Yugoslavs are trying hard to telescope into a few years a whole process that took us several generations. I cannot help wondering whether the pace of the country's progress towards an industrialised society has so far been speeded up or slowed down by the fact that its government is Communist. When I was recently in Belgrade, I formed the view that up to the present any government at the centre could have done what the present one has done—on two conditions. One is that it would have to have started with the war-time prestige that in fact has surrounded Marshal Tito and his band of former partisan leaders; the other is that it should have been a dictatorship, able to thrust aside ruthlessly any opposition from supporters of the old regime.

Having these advantages, the Tito regime's biggest achievement has been almost incidental to any question of ideology, though both this and economics have naturally played their part. This achievement has been the steady consolidation of national unity—a real problem considering the number of different races of which Yugoslavia is composed. Constitutionally, in fact, the country does consist of a federation of six distinct racial republics, and, in spite of official Communist denials, I think that this element of federalism has played a significant role in the development of Yugoslav communism, as I shall show in a moment. But the point about the Government's achievement is the way in which the sense of unity has been created. Apart from the obviously unifying influence of Tito's personal popularity and the vigour of the Communist revolution, the Government has pursued a shrewd economic policy of equalising living standards throughout this varied country. Important factories, for instance, have been built in places where none had existed before—like the big steel works of Zenitsa in Bosnia, the car factory at Kragujevac in Serbia, and the new industries of Skopje in Macedonia. In spite of criticism from the richer and more developed Slovenes and Croats in the north, the outcome of this policy has been gradually to create a new similarity of local interests. The process has been further accentuated by the levelling effect of public ownership, and by the deliberate employment in Belgrade of a mixture of men from each of the races in the federation. As a result of all this, the cruel and frustrating enmity of Croat and Serb is no longer a millstone round the neck of Yugoslavia as a whole.

The federal character of the Yugoslav state has undoubtedly helped to promote that special feature of Yugoslav communism, known as 'decentralisation'. Until the break with Russia in 1948, the Yugoslav Communist Party interfered directly in almost every national activity and, as in the Soviet Union, there was a strong trend towards over-centralised bureaucratic control from Belgrade. After 1948, when the Yugoslav ideologists felt free, indeed were challenged, to work things out for themselves, they realised that this over-centralisation was a mistake; it not only ran directly counter to Yugoslavia's national characteristics but also stifled vital economic initiative. Consequently, the Communist Party stopped trying to run everything itself, and more and

more power was given to local enterprises and to the new administrative districts that were set up in the republics under the direction of local People's Committees.

One incidental result of that has been, however, to discourage the Communist rank and file; and recruitment of the right young people for the party has been falling off. During the last year or two there has in fact been a sharp decline in discipline among existing members, an increase in misdemeanours which the party regards as moral crimes—such as smuggling and minor evasion of the law—and a rise in corruption. In March of this year at the Sixth Plenum of the party, Marshal

Tito started a new move to tighten up on party discipline. And one of the most interesting questions today in Yugoslavia is whether this tightening up—combined perhaps with the ideological reconciliation achieved with Russia during Tito's visit—will lead to radical change of the Communist Party's function inside the state.

In theory the Federal Government now deals only with defence, foreign affairs, national security—a wide subject in a Communist state—and with overall economic planning. That is to say, until recently at least, the six republics—Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, Macedonia, Montenegro, and Bosnia—in theory dealt with residual subjects such as education, health, and social security. But in the terms of economic planning, for instance, I do not think that the centre has yet released as much power as it

would like to have one believe; and sometimes Belgrade has relaxed financial control only to have to snatch it back again later.

The Yugoslavs claim to have been truer Marxists than the Russians during the past few years in making some effort to achieve 'the withering away of the state'. This question of central control is particularly interesting because it touches on so many aspects of both politics and economics. For instance, one of the six or seven most powerful men in the country is certainly Mr. Bakaric, the President of Croatia; and he retains his position partly by deliberately keeping out of Belgrade and by representing something other than the central leadership. Incidentally, the most important Vice-President is Mr. Kardelj, who is a Slovene and in charge of party theory as well as foreign affairs; the Foreign Minister, Mr. Popovic, does not rank as high as Mr. Kardelj, a veteran revolutionary who would probably succeed Marshal Tito as President if he died. The next most important man in Yugoslavia is Mr. Rankovic, a Serb and Vice-President in charge of the Interior. Then come the other two Vice-Presidents, Mr. Vukmanovic, widely known as 'Tempo' from the partisan days, a tall and energetic Montenegrin in charge of the economy; and Mr. Celakovic, a Bosnian, in charge of culture. Mr. Pijade is more of a theoretician and an *eminence grise* than a direct member of the Government. Mr. Kardelj and Mr. Bakaric are reputed to be the least favourable towards Russia.

But to go back for a moment to the role of the six republics: the trend during the past year has been to weaken the republics themselves, in favour of the 107 administrative districts which have lately been reorganised under their People's Committees. The republics are tradi-



Yugoslavia, showing the six federated republics

tional and racial; the districts are new and functional. At the same time, once the Yugoslavs were on their own and independent of Russia's Stalinist ideology, they decided that it was a positive advantage to decentralise as much as possible—for two excellent reasons. One was the view that this was the only way to prevent too much bureaucracy and excessive stagnation in a socialist state. The other was the argument that, if local communities were given the effective ownership of enterprises in their area, then the local people would come to have the same interest in making them an economic success as the former private owners would have done. Decentralisation in fact is a way of trying to create incentives and encourage initiative. And in the Yugoslav view the Soviet Union will never achieve its maximum potential until it too decentralises. Interestingly enough, this is just beginning to happen under the Khrushchev reforms.

A Second Phase of Development

When I talked to the central economic planning authorities in Belgrade, I found that they claim that Yugoslavia is now entering the second phase of its development, that is a balanced increase in the output of heavy and consumer goods, accompanied by a slight rise in agricultural investment. In this respect 1952 is now regarded as the turning-point. In that year and in 1953 several things happened. First, having just recovered their breath after the economic emergency into which they were plunged by the switch from dependence on trade with the Russian bloc to trade and aid from the West, the Yugoslav leaders began, sensibly enough, to cut back on their plans for heavy industry. Since then the supply of consumer goods in the shops has notably increased. Secondly, the authorities began to make distinct progress in building up gross investment at the expense of both personal consumption and defence spending. Today they claim that one-third of total consumption goes on capital investment—a high figure and, if true, made possible only by a dictatorial system such as communism.

Lastly, 1952 was the year when the Workers' Councils really began to function in the factories, and, in the eyes of Belgrade, a freer market was allowed to operate in the internal economy. One important result, it is claimed today, is that Yugoslavia is far better equipped than its other communist neighbours to seek the maximum amount of foreign trade. Within the decisive limits imposed by shortage of foreign exchange and so by strict financial regulation from the centre, individual Yugoslav factories, for instance, may contract direct with foreign suppliers or foreign markets just as individual firms would do in capitalist countries. I myself was recently presented with evidence of this in a Yugoslav factory making agricultural mechanical equipment; from it I saw mechanised harvesters being exported to Chile and farm trailers to Russia, on orders won directly by the factory itself. The factory also had its own sales agents in various parts of Yugoslavia.

Facts like these give the Yugoslav leadership some claim to being both reasonable and able. Now that the white-hot fanaticism of the early years is no longer required (even for fighting Stalin), there is a fairly genuine desire in the Government as a whole to try to run a rational and progressive state—always, and it should never be forgotten, within the strict but absolute limits of marxism and communism. But there are several major questions to which I personally do not think any positive answers can yet be given. One is certainly over agriculture. Among the several remarkable things about Yugoslav communism is that the country has already gone through the collectivisation stage and come out on the other side. After being largely collectivised by 1947, ninety per cent. of the land was actually sold back to the peasants after Tito broke with Stalin; the reason was the bitter opposition to collectivisation and a catastrophic fall in output. Today, however, Yugoslavia is still dependent on wheat imports—lately received free under American aid—and the Government really lacks enough peasant support for any policy to put this right. What will happen? Marshal Tito is very clever at getting others to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and Russia may now do a good deal for him in the way of supplies. But the regime's last two moves—in raising peasant taxes and in dismissing certain unskilled, uneconomic peasant labour from the new factories—have, to say the least of it, left an unpropitious atmosphere in Yugoslav agriculture.

Among other serious questions are the Government's future relations with the various churches in Yugoslavia—Catholic, Orthodox, and Moslem. In practice, the churches are tolerated rather than persecuted, although many practical difficulties are put in their way. Yet Zagreb Cathedral, for instance, is packed. And one wonders how long this tacit duel can go on.

Then again, in spite of the regime's attempt to cater for initiative,

there is a clear lack of spontaneity about the system. Without the tremendous will to learn that is to be found in Russia, how can the Yugoslavs recapture that *elan* which they seem to have lost in the last three years? Again, how is the twenty-five per cent illiteracy to be conquered? How is under-employment to be dealt with? How is the great shortage of skilled workers and technicians to be made good? What will happen when Tito dies? Will the subsequent transition lead to upheavals on the Soviet scale? Above all, can adequate free discussion be developed within the Communist Party or will there have to be some toleration for outside political criticism, as the unfortunate Mr. Djilas wanted?

I do not know what answers history will give these questions, and I do not think the Yugoslavs do. But I do know that their leaders are watching the outside world with immense interest. Nothing in Belgrade made a greater impression on me than the constant way in which one person after another emphasised Yugoslavia's links with the West as well as the East. You may say 'That was the party line'; and so it was. But the effect of the party taking that line was to make Yugoslavs aware of the fact that the West has changed, and is changing, from the picture that Marx painted of it. 'Capitalism', I remember one important Yugoslav saying, 'is not the same as it was. And one day Russia, too, may recognise that fact'. Since this remark was made, Marshal Tito has signed up for a much closer relationship with Moscow. But some of his closest advisers reckon that Russia's present changes will go beyond the point where Mr. Khrushchev or anyone else in the Soviet Union can count on stopping them. Therefore, as seen from Belgrade, Yugoslavia's task is to continue its existing contribution by breaking down the prejudices and barriers between East and West, at the same time drawing lessons from both sides for Yugoslavia itself. Naturally, the Yugoslav leaders believe that this will promote communism faster. But it is to be a communism from which the Stalinist crust has been thoroughly pared away.

Whether Belgrade will now find itself playing Moscow's game to a much greater degree than it originally intended is another matter which only time can resolve. But I think the favourable attitude towards Britain, for instance, is a sign that the Yugoslavs mean to be careful. We are regarded as an able people, and good friends, even if a little misguided. Marshal Tito was considerably impressed in India by the legacies of British rule. And over the Cyprus dispute, it is remarkable how little has been made of it in the Yugoslav press, considering the strong ideological anti-colonialism, the pro-Greek sentiments of the Serbian Orthodox Church, and an anti-Turk tradition from the days of the Serbian struggle for liberation.

Independence and Neutralism

With America, however, it is different. Although willing to take aid, the Yugoslavs deplore what they regard as an aggressive American capitalism. It has been partly to prove their own independence during the past two years that they have gone in for the whole gambit of neutralism with Egypt, India, Burma, and Ethiopia. I think the importance of the Yugoslavs' so-called neutralism has often been exaggerated—in spite of the coming visit of Colonel Nasser and Mr. Nehru.

This visit may serve the purpose of broadening the Yugoslavs' own experience, proving their helpfulness to Russia, and at the same time boosting their international prestige. But they are now more directly interested in things nearer home—for instance, in making genuine peace with their neighbours, so that they can ease up on their heavy defence costs. Yugoslavia still has a large army of thirty divisions. Although the new rapprochement with Italy is going fairly well, the relaxation on the eastern frontiers with the Soviet satellites, while considerable, has not yet led to any radical changes of political or economic policy. Perhaps, indeed, here is the essential test. For until Marshal Tito does start demobilising and unsealing his eastern frontiers, we are justified in doubting whether even he is yet wholly prepared to trust the Russians.

—Third Programme

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume LV (January to June, 1956) will be published shortly and may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

Has the World Enough Oil?

By P. H. FRANKEL

WITH politics in Persia and take-over bids in Trinidad, oil is seldom out of the headlines. But the more fundamental changes that are going on all the time receive little publicity. One of these is in the pattern of demand. Hitherto petroleum products have been used mainly as fuel for vehicles—petrol for motor-cars and aircraft, diesel oil for lorries, and fuel oil for ships and locomotives. The increase in the use of road vehicles and aircraft has been stupendous and uninterrupted, yet it took place over a period of fifty years. It took so long because oil consumption for road vehicles and aircraft grew with the expanding economy and not at the expense of another supplier. Therefore one had to wait for roads to be built, for cheap and reasonably breakdown-proof vehicles to be designed, and for long-wearing rubber tyres to be developed.

The position now is very different: with industrial activities growing at a pace fast and furious, the traditional sources of energy—coal and hydro-electricity—are falling behind requirements. Almost overnight, oil is called upon to take over part of a vast existing market. In the years to come a substantial part of our electricity, of our town gas, and of the steam raised in our factories will come from oil. True, all transport other than that by rail has been based on oil already, but from now on our way of life and our standard of living will be still more immediately dependent on oil. The question arises: will supply be equal to demand?

Traditional Picture Reversed

We have all heard at one time or another of crude oil in the ground being a wasting asset, an irreplaceable gift of nature which we should use sparingly: indeed, not so long ago the world appeared to have oil reserves for not more than fifteen or twenty years at the rate it was used then, whereas coal reserves were expected to last for some hundred years. This traditional picture now looks to us all upside-down: coal reserves cannot be fully used because the miners are not there to get it, while, on the other hand, scientific progress in locating oil and in drilling for it has (with a great deal of good luck) made vast resources of oil available for a long time to come. The new areas of production are Venezuela and, more particularly, the Middle East. Their development came just in time to match the growing demand, and helped to remedy what might otherwise have been an ugly situation.

But some of the 'new' oil regions are in underdeveloped areas where, in the absence of urban and industrial life, there is little oil consumption and less political stability. Europe by contrast is a great consumer of oil with only a small production of its own, and even the United States has now become an importer. Oil is in fact a displaced commodity. This has made people anxious about relying too heavily on Middle East supplies. Only recently it has been said that there would be millions of unemployed in Europe if the flow of oil from the Middle East were to stop. Happily, the governments of the Middle East countries know that their own income would stop at the same time. Such knowledge usually 'concentrates one's mind'. A major political conflict may result in a stoppage, but then the West would most likely have its own remedies. In peace time the supplier needs the customer at least as much as the user depends on the producer.

One cannot discount some of these threats altogether: we have seen nations cutting off their nose to spite their face, but rarely will they go so far as to cut their own throat. For that is what a stoppage of oil exports would mean to the Middle East countries. Indeed, it would be in the interests of Middle East countries to establish an atmosphere in which the consumer countries would feel safe. Any doubt about their free access to Middle East oil on fair terms will encourage the investment in exploration and drilling elsewhere, even at a cost which would normally be exorbitant. Once such oil is found in a consumer country, that market is finally lost to the Middle East because countries will make the best use of their own production once they have it, and will restrict imports.

If, therefore, we can rely in peace time on Middle East oil supplies, the position would seem to be reasonably balanced. Perhaps it is even

more than that. In oil there is never a dull moment, and just when it looks supreme, there appears on the horizon a new contender. During this century everything had conspired in favour of the oil industry; whatever happened in peace and in war has widened and deepened its scope: the vast development of road and air transport, a host of subsidiary events such as the use of bitumen for road-building, of solvents for paints and dry-cleaning, and then again the motorisation of agriculture, with the use of oil for making most of the new chemicals as the crowning glory. Indeed, to use an American term, oil was the 'last frontier' of our industrial life, the 'real McCoy' of progress and expansion.

Competition from Atomic Energy

The new contender, as you will have guessed, is atomic energy. For the first time a major new development does not involve oil. Indeed, atomic energy may one day compete with or even supplant oil in some of its main uses. We know on good authority that atomic energy will not be a significant source of energy for the next ten years or so, but this is obviously not all that matters in this story. The fact is that by developing the technique of producing nuclear power the lid has been taken off a very big pot, and what we are witnessing today may be just a beginning. Much of this might have been another fifty years away, had not the war-time quest for an atomic bomb meant a single-minded and almost desperate concentration of research and industrial effort which by normal standards would have been uneconomic.

With this long jump in scientific knowledge and technique, nothing stands in the way of a development which may result in energy being available at a price much lower than it is now, and this may make oil less competitive than it is at present. Some people have said that with the higher standard of living resulting from this cheap energy, oil consumption would rise even if it might be once more used mainly for specialised purposes. For instance, if the standard of living rises as a result of 'more power to the elbow', more people will be able to run motor-cars and use more petrol. This looks likely, but are we so sure that, say, very cheap electricity might not call forth new methods of providing power to moving vehicles? Is it impossible that in such circumstances the art of storing electricity by some form of battery might be further developed? Is it ordained that the only satisfactory and economic method is to explode or burn the fuel right under the bonnet? I do not know but 'there is no harm in asking'.

At any rate, I for one am not a defeatist as regards the future of oil, though I can see that the spell of oil as the providential and universal provider is now broken, and that a policy of conserving oil for future generations is no longer a public need—indeed it is probably no longer a sound business proposition either. I am almost certain that the oil companies have realised that oil should now be sold in rapidly increasing quantities whilst the selling is good.

The Main Problem—Investment

Such an increase solves some problems and, as you would expect, creates others. The other day a civil servant asked me what my choice would be if I had to express the main problem of the oil industry in a single word. I had no hesitation in replying: 'Investment'. That is to say, the growth in turnover, and the shift of accent towards fuel oil, requires the industry not only to multiply its oil wells, tankers, and storage installations but to replace some of the refineries by others of more modern design. Where can or should the money come from? The industry maintains that most of the new capital can come only from current earnings. That means in cold fact that the difference between costs and the sum total of returns from sales—that is, the gross profits—must remain as high as it has been of late, or should become higher still.

Experts in America have shown that the oil industry has been in the habit of finding 85 per cent. of the money required for new plant

(continued on page 59)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

More broadcasts on Polish riots

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

P.E.N.

BY the time these words appear the international P.E.N. Congress, the twenty-eighth of its kind, which has been meeting in London this week, will be drawing to a close. P.E.N.—the fact should be widely known by now—is an association of writers basing itself on a charter whose keynote is freedom of expression. This charter affirms that literature knows no frontiers and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals; the members of the association—poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists—are pledged to do their utmost to dispel race, class and national hatreds; to champion the ideal of one humanity living in peace in one world; and to oppose any form of suppression of freedom of expression in the country and community to which they belong. Over the interpretation of these ideals and their practical application many words have been uttered and (if in this context a militant expression may be permitted) many swords crossed. But throughout the years, including the war years, the ideals have somehow or other been kept alive and the association, founded in 1921 by Mrs. Dawson Scott under the presidency of John Galsworthy, continues to flourish. In this country it numbers among its other activities the holding of regular meetings—literary discussions, poetry readings, and so forth; it promotes the publication of an annual volume of new poems; it has instituted the Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, delivered once a year and named after the man who for so long was the secretary of P.E.N. and for many the focus of its inspiration. There are P.E.N. centres in over forty different countries.

The theme for discussion at the present Congress—attended by delegates and members from over thirty-five countries and incidentally the largest P.E.N. congress on record—is 'The Author and the Public', with an emphasis on the problems a writer has to encounter in communicating what he has to say. This has offered wide scope for discussion. As Miss C. V. Wedgwood, who is President of the English centre of P.E.N., observed at the opening session last Monday, whether a writer aims to be popular, or whether his object is to teach, or whether he writes because some inner urge compels him to do so, he has sooner or later to adopt some attitude towards his public. In these days of mass media of communication a striving towards popularity is clearly a temptation—a temptation, one might almost add, to be resisted; for that would certainly be true were it to involve, as it too often does, a lowering of standards. But popularity and low standards do not always go together—witness Shakespeare's never failing popularity—and good writing should always be sure of its audience. If a writer, never regarding himself as the slave of his medium but rather as its master, gives of the best that is in him, then he will be deserving well of his craft and will in fact be making his contribution towards the intelligent use of freedom, which Mr. R. A. Butler in his inaugural address described as 'the crown of life'.

Yet, as we all know, freedom has its price; and writers on the whole tend to be individualists; they do not as a rule take kindly to committee work or to organised activity of any kind. The writer's job, it is said with truth, is to write. There is no room to argue the case here, but the writer, it may be noted, is also a citizen, and a glance at the P.E.N. Charter on the one hand and on the other at the world in which we live suggests that even in the writers' realm there is plenty of work to be done besides writing—bases to guard, goals to be won. The writers in exile, for whom P.E.N. provides some small comfort and encouragement, might be among the first to bear witness to the fact.

TWO TOPICS that have been extensively commented upon by the Soviet and east European radios are the Poznan riots and the resolution of the central committee of the Soviet Communist Party on the cult of personality. Foreign reactionary influence, and in particular American dollars, are blamed for the revolt of the Polish workers who, it is alleged, were the unwitting pawns of the enemies of the new order in eastern Europe. For instance, a commentator on the Czechoslovak Home Service said:

We are facing a widespread imperialist conspiracy against the peaceful countries. There is no doubt who was at work at Poznan. The same hands were at work three years ago in Berlin. The same hands are responsible for the many crimes committed in this country by imperialist agents smuggled with American equipment across our frontier.

An east German commentator also linked the Poznan rising with that of the Eastern Zone in 1953, and said that both could be described as:

the misuse of backward sections of the factory workers for a reactionary fascist coup in the interests of the old capitalist master. Both were equally aimed against peace

—while a Hungarian commentator declared:

The instigators had two ends in view; first, to harm the international prestige of the Polish People's Republic, and, second, to hinder the process of democratisation which is taking place on a large scale in Poland.

A Belgrade Home Service speaker remarked that the Poznan affair was 'an attempt by reactionary quarters in Poland and outside to prevent the democratisation process and cast discredit on it'. The threads of the Poznan conspiracy, he added, extended outside Poland for the simple reason that

the new course does not suit so-called classical reaction, which finds it much easier to struggle against the progressive when the latter is burdened with dictatorship and brutal wilfulness.

A Moscow Home Service commentator had this to say:

The organisers of this provocation are aiming very far. At the very moment when throughout the whole world the authority of the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries is growing, they are seeking for all their worth to hold up the victorious march towards an international *détente* by sacrificing human lives to the Cold War. One cannot witness without indignation the crocodile tears which evil-minded journalists are shedding at this fact in the right-wing press.

The statement published by the Soviet Communist Party seeking to justify the inaction of Stalin's colleagues during his tyranny was commented upon at great length by most east European radios, whose speakers made use of various arguments to convince their listeners that the personality cult and its effects were not products of the Communist system, and that the recent disclosures about Stalin should not be permitted to undermine the solidarity of the Communist movement. As one Moscow Home Service speaker put it:

The elimination of the consequences of the Stalin personality is no obstacle to the unity of the Marxist parties throughout the world. Indeed, it provides fresh foundations for such unity.

A Hungarian commentator referred to developments since the twentieth Congress, such as the dissolution of the Cominform, which, although it had no right to interference in the internal affairs of affiliated parties, in practice hindered rather than helped the shaping of independent policies. Later, the Moscow agreement between the Soviet and Yugoslav Communist Parties emphatically reaffirmed the independence and freedom of action of the two parties. It goes without saying that the principle applies to the western and other Communist Parties as well. . . . The Communist Parties always were independent and their independence has increased since the twentieth Congress. They criticise each other sincerely and boldly, but there is complete accord between them on fundamental questions.

Referring to western scepticism, a Moscow Home Service speaker castigated Dulles who, he declared,

availing himself of the denunciation of the cult of the individual in the USSR, has been labouring lately to convince his audiences that the Communist Parties find themselves in a state of utter confusion and that this posed an insoluble dilemma for communism.

Did You Hear That?

AN OLD DIVORCE COURT

THE RECORDS OF the Consistory Court of London, the ecclesiastical court which until 1857 dealt with subjects ranging from adultery to the licensing of barbers, have recently been transferred from Somerset House to the London County Record Office at County Hall. RONALD ROBSON, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'.

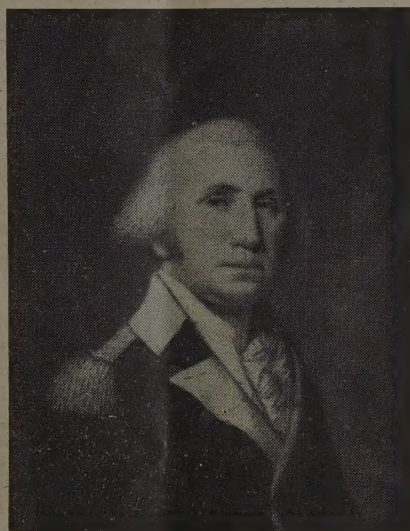
'These records', he said, 'include copies of wills and depositions books, which are records of evidence given in various cases, and several boxes of what are called "divorce exhibits"—letters and other documents which were produced in divorce cases.

'Some of the older documents, from the sixteenth century, are damaged and difficult to decipher; but I looked at some from the early Tudor period written on hand-made paper in minute and beautiful calligraphy, executed with a quill pen, and the clarity was extraordinary. They are nearly all human documents, like the copy of the will of one John Haigh. He requested to be buried in St. John's chapel in the church of St. Andrew, Holborn. Amongst other bequests, he left his wages unpaid and his fox-furred gown to the Gilding of St. Andrew, and he left 12 pence to the High Altar. Mr. Haigh seemed to have little ready cash, for another of his bequests was to be paid from the value of a bed and bolster left in pledge with him.

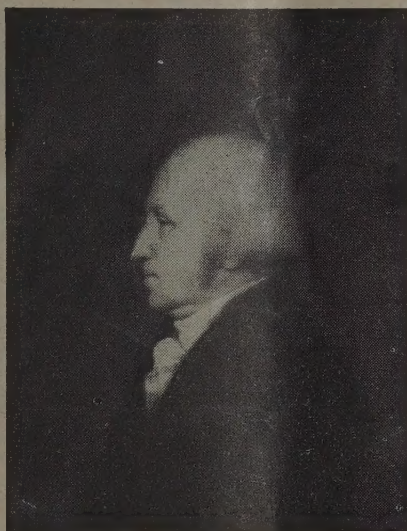
'I read an ordinance, dated April 5, 1609, in which the Bishop declared, at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Privy Council, that no person dying of the plague could be buried "after six o'clock of the morning, nor until nine o'clock of the night; neither that any funeral sermon be preached for any person dying of the plague; neither that any concourse of people attend the corpse at such burial, that thereby all occasion of infection may be prevented".

'After Queen Anne's time, the Consistory Court seemed to have been more of a divorce court than anything else, and also heard cases of slander and various kinds of immoral conduct. A great deal of it is pathetic—petty squabbles, the records of which have lasted through the centuries.

'The depositions books are of interest to the researcher because at the head of each deposition is the name, address, occupation, and place of birth of the witness or deponent. Some of the books even give previous addresses, and this is a guide to the pattern of movement of the population. These documents technically remain still the property of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court, and it is by his good favour that they are lodged with the London County Record Office, where they may be studied only by *bona fide* research workers'.



Pastel drawings of George Washington, by James Sharples



By permission of the City Art Gallery, Bristol

or scenes, avoiding that overworked look which you often find with oils or water-colours.

'The equipment is simplicity itself. The pastels cost 3d. and 6d. each and you can buy a large double sheet of tinted pastel-paper for 1s. 6d. Apart from that, all you want is a drawing board and a putty rubber. An easel is not necessary, because you can work very well sitting down, just resting the board against the back of another chair. The work can be taken up or set down at any time and you do not need any fixative. A piece of cellophane fixed on with a paper clip will keep the pastel perfectly clear until it is ready to be framed.

'I sold the first sketches I did for a guinea. They took me about an hour and a half to do. Then one day during the war I walked into a big London store and offered to do pastel portraits at five guineas each. There was a shortage of photographic material then and people were

waiting months for a photograph, so I was taken on. I was very busy and there was not any luxury of "I can't work while anyone is watching", because although I had a studio, and someone used to book orders for me, the husband or wife of the client often wanted to watch me and they used to sit there breathing heavily down my neck. The pastels had to be a good likeness, too, and there was no time for artistic temperament, or feeling tired, or any nonsense about not being in the mood; but I enjoyed it all. Then on several occasions I went into the country to sketch children or to someone's home to do a

portrait of a bride in her bridal gown.

'And then after the war I came back to Bristol, and in the Art Gallery one day I came across some enchanting pastels, done nearly 200 years ago by an artist called James Sharples. They looked as if they had been done yesterday. There was none of the old and cracked appearance of an old painting in oils. The Sharples, I discovered, were a family of artists who lived in Bristol at the beginning of last century. James Sharples, the father, had taken his family to America in a sailing boat, and had asked George Washington to sit for him. The family were all artists and they had the habit of making several copies of their work. This pastel head of George Washington hangs today in Bristol Art Gallery—and a similar one in Philadelphia. The Sharples made pastels of many famous people in America, and they returned to Bristol with an established reputation. The daughter of the family had the unusual and rather enchanting name of Rolinda. Rolinda Sharples lived in Clifton and her pastels and paintings were much in vogue. She charged £3 for a profile and a little more for a full face, quite a big sum in those days. She died in 1837 but her work remains here and it is well worth looking at as a record of Bristol more than 100 years ago.

'Anyone who is interested in sketching can get a professional effect with a little skill and practice with pastels, and when they are mounted and framed they seem so light and delicate that they are ideal for modern rooms. There are problems, of course: the people who cannot sit still, the people who dust the portrait when they get it home, and return it smudged and ruined to be "touched up". Once they are framed they last almost for ever, and the colours do not fade, unless they are exposed for a long time to strong sunlight, and even then they

PORTRAITS IN PASTELS

'I started using pastels for portrait sketches during the war', said MARJORIE WILDING in 'Window on the West', 'when it was difficult to get canvas for painting in oils. And I remember how quickly I came to like this medium. With the marvellous range of more than 600 tints it was easy to give an impression of solidity, blending one shade into another so that there were no harsh outlines. Faces become soft and natural, and you can get a particularly delicate effect with flower studies

do not change much. Pastels never darken or crack, either. Some of the loveliest portraits of children in their gardens or at home have been done in pastels.

WHY FRENCH HORSES WIN CLASSIC RACES

Speaking in 'At Home and Abroad', LORD ASTOR said: 'I do not think that there is any mystery why French horses have been winning so many of our classic races. I have visited many French studs and training establishments, and I am sure it is not due to better feeding, different training methods, or to the use of mysterious drugs. The reason is that racing conditions in France favour the breeding and training of classic horses, horses who will win at one-and-a-half miles as three-year-olds. In France the tote has a monopoly, and all bets make a contribution to racing. The result is that prize monies are high in France compared with training costs and entry fees, much higher than in this country. The French racing authorities allot this big prize money for the most part to three-year-old races over classic distances and to cup races. The value of the Grand Prix, for instance, is well over twice the value of our Derby. The French public also gets cheaper and more comfortable racing: to see the Grand Prix well costs 16s., compared with about £4 to see the Derby equally well. The ordinary small races, worth £200 here, are usually worth £400 in France. So the French owner is encouraged to breed classic horses, and the tote monopoly and levy on all bets makes it financially possible to do so.

'In this country the cost of breeding and training has doubled as compared with before the war, with stakes remaining about the same. And so it is almost impossible for owners and trainers to make ends meet without gambling. The best gambling vehicle is the two-year-old and the sprinter, on which you get a quick return. So the commercial breeder has to breed what the owner needs—two-year-olds and sprinters, and fewer British owners and breeders can, under present conditions, aim to produce classic horses.

'The situation can be remedied if the proposed Betting Bill ensures that all bets, whether on or off the course, whether on the tote or with a bookmaker, pay a small levy to sustain the sport. It is perfectly feasible to do this, either through a tote monopoly, or through the sort of system they have in Ireland, where both the tote and the "bookies" are licensed by a board who audit their accounts and collect the levy, which would mean, incidentally, the disappearance of the disreputable elements, a disappearance which would be welcomed by the honest bookmaker.

'I was interested to get a letter from a trainer, saying that a great many of the small trainers in his area favoured a tote monopoly for the reason that they are rapidly going "broke" under the present conditions, while they see the off-course bookmakers, who do seventy-five per cent. of the turn-over, contributing nothing to the support of racing and retiring with big fortunes.

'Consider that in America, with racing in only twenty-four States, the tote monopoly last year had a turnover of £650,000,000; paid the State Governments revenue of £50,000,000, and contributed £22,000,000 to racing. On a relative basis, allowing for differences in

population and wealth, it would mean in this country that at least £3,000,000 would be available every year to reduce costs, increase stakes, and improve amenities for the public. With such money at their disposal, our racing authorities could transform British racing in a generation'.

CONCERTS IN THE MIDLANDS

Recalling his life as a conductor, CLARENCE RAYBOULD said in the Midland Home Service: 'In 1903, Bantock had persuaded the then little-known grand old man of music, Jean Sibelius, to come to England, and had invited him up to Liverpool, where Granville Bantock was conductor of the Liverpool Orchestral Society, to conduct Sibelius' then new First Symphony.

'I remember going up from Birmingham to Liverpool by an excursion train for the occasion of this concert—the fare, I think, was about 3s. 6d. With the pushfulness of youth and armed with the knowledge that I was Bantock's general factotum, I found my way round to the Artists' Room, and was duly introduced to the great man, an event most awesome, as Sibelius looked quite ready to blast me from the room!

'During the first decade of this century, there was no Municipal Orchestra in Birmingham, and orchestral concerts were provided by various societies formed for the purpose, and by occasional visits of the Hallé Orchestra.

'Of these musical societies who did such noble work for Birmingham in those days, I vividly remember the Halford Concerts Society, which, under the conductorship of George Halford, gave us some astonishing programmes. The concert, however, that to my mind takes the cake for enterprise, having regard especially to the time it took place, namely, 1904, consisted of an entirely Richard Strauss programme. I have kept a copy of the programme all these years: here are the works performed, under the conductorship of the composer: "Don Juan", the Violin Concerto, "Tod und Verklärung" and, to round off the evening, "Ein Heldenleben". Is further proof needed of the old adage: "There's nothing new under the sun"?

'Another musical society which did a great deal for the Midlands public was the Birmingham Philharmonic Society, which came into being in the latter half of the decade. I have before me at the moment a programme in which George Henschel not only conducted works by Brahms, Beethoven, and Wagner, but sang, to his own accompaniment, songs by Schubert and Loewe. Such versatility looks strangely modern, but how much more interesting than the present-day partiality for concerts consisting of three pianoforte-concertos.

'My own musical studies included a somewhat perfunctory association with several of the instruments of percussion. I remember once Bantock asked me to go with him to Hanley where he was to conduct an oriental piece of his own. He had procured at considerable expense an "Arab drum". It was like a large earthenware bowl, over which was stretched a skin. All went well at the rehearsal, but at the concert, long before the end of my part, I pushed my fist right through it. Bantock and I were not on speaking terms for some days. However, he soon forgave me, and christened me "Mr. Extras".'



Two French horses: Phil Drake, winner of the 1955 Derby—



—and Lavandin, winner of the Derby this year

Aspects of Africa

The Racial Problem in South Africa—II

ELLEN HELLMANN on the impossibility of *apartheid*

As everyone knows, *apartheid* is the progeny of the National Party. Assiduously tended by the Native Affairs Department and nurtured in the congenial environment of South Africa's traditional policy of segregation, the infant has grown prodigiously. But one abnormality the child did develop in its rapid growth: it became hydra-headed and, though it speaks with an assurance and a fluency far beyond its eight years of age, the fact that it speaks simultaneously with these many tongues certainly detracts from its clarity of expression.

Various Interpretations

Non-whites are, understandably, less intrigued by the babel of voices than are the whites, and less inclined to debate the precise shade of meaning to be attributed to this or that voice. To them *apartheid* has meaning in terms of certain acts passed by parliament, certain regulations promulgated, certain discretionary powers exercised by Cabinet Ministers. To them it means a Group Areas Act and a Natives Resettlement Act, tighter control of African entry into the towns, refusal of passports, immobilisation and muzzling of elected leaders. To them it has the most immediate of meanings in terms of regulating where they may or may not live and trade, what work they may do, where they may travel. To some few it also means advantages which derive from a reduction of the area of competition, as did the system of segregation in the United States.

To the whites *apartheid* has varying meanings, depending upon which of its differing countenances their gaze is fixed. To some, but extremely few, *apartheid* means eventual partition: a division of South Africa into two or more completely independent states. With India, Ireland, Palestine as their models, they see in the creation of a Bantustan for the Africans the only possibility of relieving racial pressures in the Union. But these are individuals, largely inarticulate.

Those who interpret *apartheid* to mean a territorial separation stopping short of complete independence have a larger following, particularly among the Afrikaans intellectuals and the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. They form, however, a numerically insignificant minority despite the intellectual and moral prestige attaching to some of their leaders. Largely this school of thought expresses itself through Sabra, the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, which, like the older established South African Institute of Race Relations, was set up to promote racial concord. But whereas the Institute began in 1929 with no preconceived doctrine, Sabra's aims from its inception in 1949 specifically laid down that such concord shall be brought about on the basis of the separate development of each racial group. Sabra stands for 'the territorial separation of European and Bantu, and the provision of areas which must serve as national and political homes for the different Bantu communities'.

In order to reconcile the conflicting necessities of reducing the permanent Bantu population in the so-called white areas to a minimum and ensuring a sufficiency of African labour for the 'European' economy, greater use is to be made of migrant workers. As far as political rights are concerned, the final answer is left to the future. The fears of those who see territorial separation leading to the creation of potentially hostile autonomous Bantu states are countered by the assurance that Europeans will continue to exercise a measure of control in the Bantu Areas for a long time, that not one but a number of Bantu Areas are visualised, and that some form of federation may by then be possible.

Towards Territorial Separation?

By and large these are also the objectives to which the Government itself purports to be directing policy. Dr. Verwoerd, the Minister of Native Affairs, says that '*apartheid* is a process of continually increasing separation in all the spheres of living, and this takes place even when there is no territorial separation . . . The logical end of continually increasing *apartheid* in the social, economic, and political fields is

indeed territorial separation, but no one can foretell when that point will be reached'.

On paper the difference between the Government's policy, which goes under the name of practical *apartheid*, and the school of territorial separation may not appear to be great. In fact, there is so considerable a difference in emphasis and in practical intent as to make them two different policies. The one group urges the immediate introduction of practical measures to start implementing territorial separation, no matter what the cost. It is fully conscious of the sacrifices Europeans will have to make in capital to develop the Native Reserves and in labour to replace the present ready supply of African workers in home and factory. Few government spokesmen dare speak in this vein. In the main they agree with Dr. Malan who said that for the foreseeable future territorial separation is simply not practical politics. It is true that the Government is attempting to restrict further permanent urban African settlement by preventing wives and children from joining their menfolk in towns and thereby deliberately increasing the proportion of migrant workers. But it is not, for obvious political reasons, prepared to take its policy of restricting entry to the towns to the lengths of depriving existing industries of their labour or of preventing new industries from being established. Both Dr. Verwoerd and Mr. M. C. de Wet Nel, a member of the Native Affairs Commission, have said that the number of Africans coming into the European areas and working in the European economy would increase before the stream started flowing the other way.

What this amounts to is a type of *apartheid* which allows economic integration to continue, which allows the economic and territorial intermixture of white and black, and concentrates on bringing about increased residential separation, increasing separation in public amenities and social services, and preventing social contacts in any form. This is precisely the form of *apartheid* which Sabra, while refraining from attacks on the Government, in fact condemns. This amounts, it considers, to sacrificing the white man's heritage for the sake of immediate gain.

Retaining Established Privileges

To most Europeans, however, whether they be Afrikaans or English-speaking, supporters of the National or United Parties, *apartheid* has come to mean no more and no less than preserving the *status quo* which accords certain privileges to all whites. The desire to retain established privileges is not a peculiarly South African failing but a universal and all too human reaction.

Until recently one of the main justifications for segregation was the alleged obligation of the white man, as the dominant element, to preserve the fabric of Bantu culture and to allow the African to develop on his own lines. Implicit in this approach, even if seldom explicit, was the assumption that the African is inherently incapable of assimilating western culture. Dr. Malan gave expression to this prevalent pattern of thought when he said that 'the difference in colour is merely the physical manifestation of the contrast between two irreconcilable ways of life, between barbarism and civilisation, between heathenism and Christianity'. Dr. Malan is correct when he says that the two ways of life—Bantu tribalism and western industrialism—are irreconcilable. The immense changes that have taken place in Bantu culture, continually accelerating in tempo and bringing about the ever greater disintegration of tribalism, show that the two systems cannot coexist. But to say, as Dr. Malan does say, that 'the racial differences are as pronounced today as they were 300 years ago' flies in the face of existing reality. The colour differences certainly do still exist. But the cultural differences are being bridged, slowly, unevenly, but unmistakably. What Dr. Malan did was to equate colour and culture. And this equation underlies much of South African thinking.

The Report of the Commission on Native Education, from which was born the recent highly controversial Bantu Education Act, does not go as far as Dr. Malan, nor adopt as static an approach. It concedes that the subjection of African to European political and economic control

'has made the smooth-functioning of the original social institutions, such as the family and the tribe, a matter of increasing difficulty'. It is nevertheless insistent that there must be a Bantu education, as distinct from other kinds of education, to develop a distinctive Bantu culture. It considers that 'the old traditional Bantu cultures contain in themselves the seeds from which can develop a modern Bantu culture fully able to satisfy the aspirations of the Bantu and to deal with the conditions of the modern world'. Bantu education must promote Bantu culture, the report says, it must provide for a Bantu child, trained and conditioned in Bantu culture, endowed with a knowledge of a Bantu language, imbued with the values, interests, and behaviour patterns learned at the knee of a Bantu mother.

The contradiction in this approach is, I would submit, obvious. On the one hand it concedes the necessity for imposing western economic and political institutions and recommends the provision of schools with a definite Christian character and adequate social institutions to harmonise with such schools; and yet, on the other hand, it rejects schools of a western type because they do not reinforce the social institutions of Bantu society but transmit ideas, values, attitudes and skills which have not been evolved in Bantu society itself.

It is an anthropological truism that social institutions form an inter-related whole: and that when one institution is changed, this sets off a series of changes which ramify throughout the culture. This is precisely what is happening to Bantu culture. It is clear that the vast majority of Africans are directly dependent on the 'European' economy for their livelihood, and are accordingly required to learn and perform new skills and conform to an entirely new set of working conditions, which include insistence on regularity of work, punctuality, an impersonal authority structure, and a different set of incentives. The values, attitudes, skills deriving from Bantu culture are not only unsuitable in the context of a western economy: they are obstacles preventing the aspirant African worker from getting and holding the job he needs.

The incorporation of the African into western economy has had far-reaching effects on family structure and relationship patterns. In both town and country families are becoming smaller. Recent surveys have shown an average of a fraction over five persons per family. Increasingly the elementary family, consisting of mother, father, and children is coming to be the normal residential unit and not, as was formerly the case, a homestead comprising a group of relatives. The geographical isolation from kin and tribe of the elementary family, one among thousands of similar units drawn from all areas of the Union and beyond, is weakening both kinship and tribal bonds. They are coming to be superseded by bonds based upon neighbourhood and common interests. The immense proliferation of associations—religious, economic, recreational, philanthropic, occupational—among urban Africans is evidence of the new structure that is taking shape.

Behaviour patterns within the family are changing. The old principles of respect for seniority and male dominance are being modified by the new values attaching to educational attainment and wealth. The necessity for women to contribute to family income because most of the men do not earn enough is giving women higher status and greater independence. This, together with the influence of western patterns transmitted through contact in the form of domestic service, through books, magazines, and films, is making the husband-wife and parent-child relationships less authoritarian and more democratic. On the other hand, the opportunities open to the individual to support himself, and to free himself completely of family obligations, are undermining family cohesion. The Church, the school, sports clubs, public entertainments have, as among Europeans, taken over many of the functions formerly fulfilled by the family. In short, the direction of development is towards increasing adaptation to western patterns. The rapidly increasing African middle class, in its clothes and household furnishings, in its recreation and entertainments, its religious practices, and educational striving, and, above all, in its aspirations, clearly illustrates the extent of acculturation. Significantly enough, the degree of westernisation is in itself one of the important attributes of middle-class membership.

The school of territorial separation sees clearly that present economic developments are lessening cultural differences and that unless this process is halted European political leadership will be endangered. This is the point where territorial separation, the Government's practical *apartheid*, and the desire of the common man to preserve what is, find common ground. All, except the few isolated partitionists, are united in their determination to retain exclusive white political control. The long fight over the Coloured franchise in the Cape was fought not on the issue of the right of the Coloured voter to remain on the common roll but on the issue of the unconstitutional means adopted to effect his removal. There is, admittedly, growing recognition of the changes taking place in Bantu culture. But this has not led to a greater preparedness to integrate non-whites into the full range of western institutions. On the contrary, it appears that something in the nature of a defence reaction has been provoked and that there is a greater determination to enforce separation where it is possible: namely politically and socially.

It seems to me extremely unlikely that this attempt can succeed for any length of time in face of the economic and social forces at work in the Union. Such success as is apparently attending the present policy of increasing separation is, I believe, illusory: for behind the façade of *apartheid* the immense sociological and economic changes that are proceeding are forging ever more indestructibly the bonds of interdependence between white and black. They are creating the conditions which must, I am convinced, bring into being not separate racial societies, but one shared multi-racial community.—*Third Programme*

The Management of Nature Reserves

By F. FRASER DARLING

THERE is a common impression in Britain that wild-life preservation calls for setting aside nature sanctuaries, and that, once these have been established, there is little more to do than care for them in the way of preventing malicious damage and such unconscious harm as may come from trampling and disturbance. The term 'wild life' also often means the more obvious and attractive birds, mammals, and wild flowers, but when you get down to the job it is not quite like that. In fact, I have used two words in these opening remarks that are, out of date and do not carry an accurate implication when applied to the care of wild life. I said 'preservation' when today we should say 'conservation'. And then I used the word 'sanctuaries'.

A sanctuary implies the sanctity of life within it, and indeed that is exactly what the early users of the term 'wild-life sanctuary' intended that it should mean. The idea was that human beings should in general keep out of a sanctuary and that the site and its animal inhabitants should not be interfered with in any way. It was a generous, liberal idea, formed when we had no experience of actively taking care of wild life, and very little knowledge of how communities of plants and animals were ordered. But there is just as much of a

dynamic sociology in the wilderness as there is in a city of human beings. We have a habit of saying reflectively: 'One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives'. How true when the other half is wild life. And what we are so apt to forget about wild life communities is that so many of the inhabitants are unseen and their functions in the community unknown. A Danish worker, Börnebusch, put it dramatically when he said there is, on a well-stocked dairy farm, as great a volume of life below the surface of the soil as there is above it.

Our imaginary wild-life sanctuary, then, contains a great deal of life we do not know about, and as it is active—competing, co-operating, fluctuating—we find we do not know much about those processes either. Such few long-established sanctuaries as we have experience of have taught us that change of conditions usually upsets the desired end.

Suppose you take a Norfolk broad and make it a sanctuary—no reed cutting, no burning, and so on. The broad soon disappears and becomes a reed marsh, and some years later the marsh becomes a fen or carr, that is, relatively dry land with bushes and damp-loving plants rather than aquatic species. All the ducks and wading birds,

the water voles, and otters have gone long ago. Even the fen does not last long; it turns into forest. The forest is a delightful place, but it was not what we set out to make a sanctuary for.

The idea of a sanctuary would work perfectly for a large area of pristine wilderness, preferably a wilderness of very old and well-developed complexity, such as a tropical rain forest. The complexity of such a plant and animal community is unbelievable, and it goes on through the centuries without perceptible change. All you have to do is leave it alone. But in long-civilised countries there is little of the land and fresh water that has not been influenced by man in some way—which, in fact, is not being used, however lightly. Look at the Lake District and Snowdonia and the hills of Scotland. They are not wild at all, but have been pastured by sheep for hundreds of years. The wild life habitats of so much of Britain and many another country are man-made ones, and when we establish nature reserves for the maintenance of the wild life of such habitats, we find we have in general to continue the human activities that we find have established the habitats. We must continue cutting reeds round the edge of a Norfolk broad; we must continue pasturing sheep on a chalk downland; we must coppice the hazel regularly in an oak wood, and continue to graze and burn a heather moor.

That is the more obvious side of management of habitats we have created through the centuries. But management implies—or at least calls for—a good working knowledge of what every plant and animal is doing in its community. We know, broadly, that earthworms aerate the soil and gradually turn it over; we know that dor beetles bury dung; many life histories of insects have been worked out; and yet how few closely observed studies have been made of the behaviour and influences of quite common birds and mammals. In short, when we come to practise it, management is not easy.

We have reached a stage in civilisation when nature reserves are being established in many parts of the world, and many more are needed if we are to pass on to posterity something of the natural world of the recent past. Not only that; we are now learning that our own existence on the planet is bound up with the natural processes taking place in waters and forests and deserts, and that if we interfere without knowledge we can cause irremediable loss to our own habitat. Nature



View from Loch Morlich of part of the Cairngorms National Nature Reserve, consisting of nearly 40,000 acres, which was established by the Nature Conservancy in 1954. Surviving trees of the Caledonian Forest can be seen in the foreground

reserves are needed as living laboratories where the scientist can gain knowledge of process. That knowledge will be turned immediately into management technique, but in so many places methods of management will be empirical at the outset, while fundamental research is going on. The two phases are, nevertheless, inseparably linked: if management by insight and intuitive guess is successful, the research mind would immediately try to find out exactly how, in terms of population changes in the animals and plants, the processes of conversion of matter and the paths of energy flow—in other words, how the community of living things was working.

This matter of nature reserves, then, seems to be getting serious. I think it is, but that should in no way detract from our delight and wonder and thankfulness that something of the world of nature is being conserved for posterity. What we do come to realise is that we have to approach the subject of nature reserves much more critically and analytically than we did perhaps in the past.

First, what is any particular reserve for? The object has to be clearly envisaged or management will be aimless and ineffectual. Once again, we must differentiate between closely settled countries and those which have large areas of uninhabited and uninhabitable land. In these, a government can set aside an area of 5,000 square miles and say 'Let it be a nature reserve' in general terms, but in Britain and Europe, and in parts of America and Asia, it becomes much more a question of choosing a type of habitat—forest, savannah, alpine terrain, or swamp—of limited area from less than perhaps one to, say, 100 square miles.

If you can preserve the habitat type intact in this limited area, it is usually fairly easy to conserve the characteristic wild life within it. These are the sort of areas that need a good deal of management technique to keep them going. Their smallness means that they have a good deal of edge in relation to area, and edges are places of impact and conflict. Take an East Anglian fen, for example, of perhaps 1,000 acres: the land all round will be valuable arable, well drained, which will mean that its surface will have sunk several feet below that of the fen. So the edge of that fen will be subject to an artificial drainage hazard which may seriously jeopardise its existence. An oak woodland may also erode at the edges unless a protective 'skirt' of scrub and creepers can be built up round it. We have also a great deal to learn



The north reed bed of Minsmere, a Suffolk bird sanctuary belonging to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds

Photographs: Eric Hosking

about the regeneration of woodland. Sometimes, as in some old pine woods in Scotland, it stops, and we do not know why. The Nature Conservancy in the United Kingdom is trying to find out, by research. When we know, management will immediately apply the knowledge gained.

Another reason for establishing a nature reserve might be that the area represented the breeding ground and home range of a rare bird or mammal. The island of North Rona, for example, recently declared a National Nature Reserve, is the great North Atlantic headquarters of the Atlantic grey seal, and it is one of the four British breeding stations of Leach's fork-tailed petrel. Here one is directly protecting animals from possible exploitation; but this needs to be said: where you are protecting an animal directly, success should not be measured by the large numbers of the animal you can produce by protection. The very fact of large numbers may be the measure of failure in conservation, for in animal communities peaks of population are followed by crashes, and one of those crashes might be catastrophic. Furthermore, the peaks of population in a species such as the red deer may well be so disastrous in their effect on the habitat they graze and browse that its capacity to maintain the species is permanently impaired. For this reason, one must be careful in attempted management to

assess rightly the place of predatory species. Killing predators is not good conservation. If the habitat is properly cared for it will have sufficient cover in its make-up to allow the escape of sufficient prey animals to maintain an optimum population. The predators can be ignored as a hazard to the stock as a whole. Indeed, if the natural predators are not present man may have to take on the task of reduction himself. This applies directly to the red deer in Scotland.

All these problems have been discussed in Edinburgh during the Fifth Technical Conference of the International Union for the Protection of Nature. Management of nature reserves in the light of modern scientific knowledge was one of the four set themes of the Conference. Delegates from forty-seven countries, men dealing with a host of different habitats from tropical forest to tundra, found that however different their problems were in detail there was a remarkable general similarity.

There was complete agreement, for example, that successful management involved fundamental research on a wider scale than is possible at present. And those taking part were also convinced that a clearing house such as the International Union provided was necessary to conserve manpower and research effort, for in this field as yet we have few men trained and few with the insight needed.—*Home Service*

G.B.S. in the Theatre

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

IT seems incredible that Bernard Shaw, whose plays are continually performed throughout the civilised world,* was once solemnly advised by his best friend, William Archer, a famous dramatic critic, to give up trying to write plays since he had no obvious talent for the stage. Another critic, now mercifully concealed in oblivion, assured G.B.S. that he did 'not show up half as well as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Haddon Chambers', two dramatists who are now nearly forgotten. The unknown critic was determined to make an ass of himself. 'It is impossible', he wrote, with all the downrightness of a man who does not know what he is talking about, 'to put Mr. Shaw even to the test of his own century. He must now take his place among the aspirants for dramatic honours', that is to say, among the people who have aspired, but failed, through sheer incapacity, to rise. This stupendous fool concluded his statement by saying that 'if Mr. Shaw will work very hard he may learn to turn out a play in the minor manner of some of our professional dramatists'. How that man would blush for himself if he were alive to read his own words. But that was in 1899 while the Boer War was still being waged.

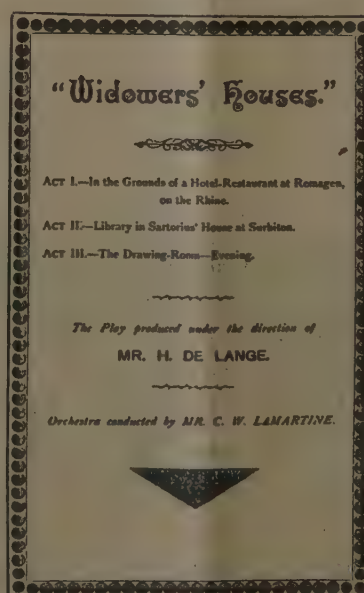
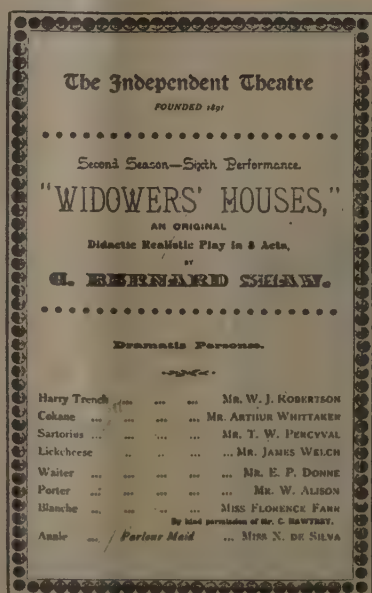
Had G.B.S. been less tough than he was, such disparagement as this might have driven him out of the theatre altogether; but he probably consoled himself with the recollection that Ibsen had been ordered back to his apothecary's shop and the mixture of pills and potions by the chief dramatic critic of Copenhagen, since he, too, had no talent whatever for writing plays. Chekhov was driven almost to suicide by undiscerning critics in Moscow. If Ibsen could not be

discouraged by an alleged expert, why should Shaw quail before the frowns of another alleged expert? I need not remind you that Ibsen changed the character of the drama throughout the world. So did G.B.S.

These remarks are preliminary statements to what I wish to say about Bernard Shaw. How can I best make my listeners realise what a failure G.B.S. was at the beginning of his writing career? By telling them how much he earned by his writing in the first nine years of his life as an author. It was £6. That was sufficient discouragement for anybody, but it did not discourage G.B.S., and there is something almost absurd in the fact that after his death his estate was valued for probate at £600,000. Money talks, the sages say, and usually its voice is vulgar, but there are occasions when it talks surprisingly well. The man who was urged by his best friend to give up all idea of writing

for the theatre lived to be the most widely performed author of his time, and left a fortune far surpassing that left by any other writer.

It generally happens that when a great man dies there is a revival of interest in his work, even when interest had previously lapsed, but it soon dies down again. The extraordinary fact about Bernard Shaw is that he has not yet suffered this fate, although he has been dead for nearly six years. His work, indeed, is as popular today as ever it was. Seven of his plays have been revived in London alone since his death, and at this moment a musical comedy, called 'The Fair Lady', which is based on 'Pygmalion', is packing a large theatre in New York. The authors of this piece had the good



Programme for the original performance of 'Widowers' Houses' at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892

Mander-Mitchelson Theatre Collection

* The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Bernard Shaw occurs this month



Scene III of 'Saint Joan' in the production at the New Theatre, London, in 1924. Left to right: Sybil Thorndike as Joan, Jack Hawkins as Dunois' page, and Robert Horton as Dunois

sense to use as much of Shaw's dialogue as they could pack into it.

What do these facts reveal? Surely, they make it plain that among G.B.S.'s numerous accomplishments was an exceptionally acute sense of the theatre? He was accused in his young manhood of a total incapacity to write plays, yet he produced more works than Shakespeare wrote. But, of course, he lived much longer. He was in his seventieth year when 'Saint Joan', which is considered by some authorities to be his best play, was written, and he was still working almost up to the day he died. What is more remarkable is that he had a shrewder sense of the stage than many managers and producers, and that he either foresaw how the taste of the playgoers would develop in the future or was so powerful that he could impose on reluctant people the kind of play he thought they ought to like.

Consider William Archer's abortive attempt to collaborate with him. Archer, whose general experience of life was far wider and diversified than G.B.S.'s—he had travelled over a large part of the earth when Shaw's longest journey was from Dublin to London—thought that he and G.B.S. might write a play together. Archer had a sense of plot, but no sense of lively dialogue: G.B.S. had no sense of plot, and never acquired one, but he could write reams of lively dialogue. It seemed to Archer, therefore, that they were intended by heaven to collaborate. Archer borrowed a plot from a French play—English dramatists thought then that plots must be borrowed or stolen from France—and set it out very neatly in a nice melodramatic manner. Having arranged the plot in what appeared to be a complete and unimprovable form, he turned his scenario over to Shaw to fill in the dialogue. His amazement when G.B.S. told him that he had used up almost the entire plot in the first act was immense, but he thought up a few more incidents and sent them to his importunate colleague. These, too, failed to be sufficient, and G.B.S., who must have descended spiritually from Oliver Twist, asked for more. That was all Archer could stand, and the collaboration immediately collapsed. The unfinished play was put away, and G.B.S.'s career as a dramatist, apparently, had ended.

A few years later, however, the late J. T. Grein, who spent most of the money he earned by selling tea in founding advanced stage societies which were almost destined to collapse in noble debt, complained to Shaw that his latest society was in sore need of a play. 'Announce that your next production will be a play by me', said G.B.S., and Grein, in delight, did so, though he was shocked when told that the play had still to be finished. However, G.B.S. retrieved the script of the play he and Archer had failed to write, hurriedly completed it, and gave it the title of 'Widowers' Houses'. It had everything that a play, according to the pundits, ought not to have, but it has outlasted all the plays that had everything that plays should possess.

It had, too, plenty of proof that G.B.S. knew what the public would

eventually want. He nearly always did know that. A nation which had suffered the disillusionment of the Boer War was in no mood for reckless romance: it wanted a taste of reality; and G.B.S. gave it a play about slum landlords and the immorality of living on incomes without knowing the source from which they come. Between the date of the first public performance of 'Widowers' Houses' and the first world war there was an amazing growth of new mind in the English theatre; and plays were staged in the West End that would have frightened the wits out of managers a decade earlier. John Galsworthy's 'The Silver Box' and 'Justice' could not have been performed had it not been for the courageous pioneering work of Bernard Shaw, who forbade the playgoer to leave his brains in the cloakroom with his hat and coat. G.B.S. must have foreseen broadcasting, for he began to write plays, such as 'Misalliance' and 'Back to Methuselah', which are almost perfect for broadcasting: plays in which there is nothing but talk. 'Misalliance', indeed, is more impressive on the wireless than it was on the stage, because, I suppose, the listener can concentrate his attention on the words, undistracted by scenery, players, and audience. 'Back to Methuselah' takes three nights to perform in a theatre, which makes it impossible there, but what are three nights to the B.B.C.?

I suppose I can best make you realise how great a craftsman G.B.S. was by reminding you of the third scene of 'Saint Joan'. Dunois, the French general, is in dire need of a west wind, so that his troops can cross the Loire in safety, but the wind, despite Dunois' prayers, will not veer. It drops instead, and the pennon which the general has fixed to a lance so that he may observe the change immediately it occurs, falls limp. At this moment, Joan enters the scene and engages him in an animated conversation of such interest that the audience forgets about the pennon and is absorbed in the conversation. It is not until nearly the end of the scene that Dunois tells Joan that he is waiting for a favourable wind, and she rushes off to church to pray for it. While she is there, the pennon begins to flutter again, and suddenly it is flowing firmly in a wind from the west. The French can now cross the Loire.

If my listeners include any people who wish to become dramatists, let them study this scene, and observe the superb way in which G.B.S. handles it: first, fixing the attention of the audience on the flag, then withdrawing the interest, and then, suddenly and very dramatically, re-directing attention to it. That is great craftsmanship, and G.B.S., who was once told that he had no talent for writing plays, was a master of it.

Think, too, of the Inquisitor's speech in the same play. It takes about seven or eight minutes to deliver, and there is not a man or woman of the theatre at any period of time who would not have said that so long a speech could not be spoken effectively by anybody, no matter how skilled in stage craft he might be: yet the speech never fails to hold an audience. How did G.B.S. acquire this skill? Not in the theatre. He acquired it by delivering impromptu speeches at street corners, in public parks, and in drab little halls all over Great Britain. If he could hold a street crowd attentive for ten minutes, then he could hold a theatre audience attentive for the same time. Remember what a street audience is: a fluctuating collection of derisive people who don't want to listen to you, and only do so in the hope that there will be a row. If the speaker pauses for breath, he loses a third of his audience and makes the rest of it wish it had gone too. Anyone who could keep the attention of such an audience as that could do what he liked in the theatre, and it was in this way that G.B.S. learnt his craft. There is no better way in which to learn it.—*Home Service*

Arthur Guinness, Son and Co., announce that they are going to make awards of £300, £200, and £100 for the three best poems in English, published in print for the first time, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the twelve months starting on July 1, 1956. No submissions should be made; the company will collect poems as they are published. There will be three judges (one of them an Irish resident) but their names will not be revealed until the winners have been chosen. The poems may be of any length and on any subject.

Menander: 'Inventor of Modern Comedy'

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

MENANDER, the chief poet of the Athenian New Comedy, is a figure difficult to estimate. He was born in the year 342 B.C., only some forty years after the death of Aristophanes, but into an Athens which was greatly changed, and no longer free. He lived almost all his life under the rule of the Macedonians, and died in 290 when the first Ptolemy was already King in Egypt and the first Seleucus in Syria. His fame was immense; he is constantly quoted by later writers, including of course St. Paul: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners'. But until lately he was known only through these quotations and through the Latin imitations of his work by Plautus and Terence; even now, after the recent discoveries of papyri, though we have 700 lines of one play, 'The Arbitration', and nearly 400 of two others, we have no single comedy complete.

Characters from Ordinary Life

Yet through these incomplete fragments of evidence it is clear that Menander is an adapter of a particular form of Euripidean tragedy. He dropped the heroic legends; he invented his own plots. He dropped gods and princesses and miracles and took his characters from normal human life. He dropped the Chorus and left only a fragment of it as a musical interlude between the acts. He thus became really the inventor of modern comedy. Most of the famous moderns retain a touch of him. There is not much of him in Shakespeare except the whole of the 'Comedy of Errors'; there is more in Ben Jonson. Molière in 'L'Avare' and 'Le Misanthrope', still more in 'Les Fourberies de Scapin', comes straight from the Menander tradition. So does Beaumarchais with his Figaro. There are whole blocks of him in Congreve. Farquhar and Vanbrugh and even Sheridan—the same dissipated young men, the same clever and knavish servants, the same deceiving of parents and guardians, the same verbal courtliness and wit. These writers only knew Plautus and Terence, and were doubtless content with their models. They had little of Menander's philosophic spirit, nothing of his inexhaustible human sympathies. But, directly or indirectly, few of the writers of polite comedy have entirely escaped his influence.

As I have said, we know little directly about Menander; yet the things we do know are often hard to combine. The quotations, for instance, have a quality of their own. They not only show distinction of language, they also seem to be the expression of a refined, thoughtful, and compassionate mind, remarkably free from coarseness or sensuality. Let us consider a few:

Whom the gods love die young.

I am a man . . . nothing of human kind
Is alien from me.

We live not as we will, but as we can.

Poor Mortal, never pray to have no griefs,
Pray to have fortitude.

Fight not with god, nor to the storm without
Add your own storms.

And perhaps we may quote one longer passage, full of character:

I count it happiness
Ere we go quickly thither whence we came,
To gaze upgrieving on these majesties,
The world-wide sun, the stars, water and clouds,
And fire. Live, Parmeno, a hundred years,
Or a few months, these you will always see,
And never, never, any greater things.

How comes it that the man who writes these gentle thoughts, full of self-knowledge and poetry, is the chief author of the Athenian New Comedy, known to us mainly by the grotesque comic masks found on vases and frescos, and by the rather coarse-grained and dissolute imita-

tions of Plautus and Terence? In his own plays, too, the heroines are generally at first sight loose women or at best unmarried mothers, the heroes worthless young rakes, while in every play the plot hinges on an exposed illegitimate or unwanted baby. The ordinary explanation seems to be, Menander is just an elegant but dissipated writer, well suited to a thoroughly degenerate and corrupt society.

But I am sure this explanation is wrong. True, the exposure of an unwanted child was definitely within the legal rights of the father; but the outcast and unrecognised infant in Menander comes pretty certainly not from real life but straight from the ancient Dionysiac ritual. Drama, we must remember, was a celebration of the Festival of Dionysus under the presidency of his High Priest by performers who were officially his craftsmen. Dionysus, as his name shows, is 'Zeus-child' or 'Zeus-Young', that is, the young King of the New Year, who regularly in myth appears first as an unknown and outcast babe among the fields and woods or else among the flocks and herds and is eventually recognised as the son of a god and a mortal earth maiden, and himself divine. This forms the plot of many tragedies, such as Euripides' 'Ion', 'Antiope', 'Auge', 'Melanipe' and 'Alope', and apparently of every play of Menander that is known to us, though of course in Menander the outcast baby when recognised is not the child of a god but merely a proper citizen born of respectable parents.

In the second place, we must consider the position of Menander's unfortunate heroines. The marriage laws of the old City State did not provide for marriage with a foreigner, nor of course with a slave. This led sometimes, even in peace, to many irregular but honourable unions; but in Menander's time, the age of Alexander's successors, the situation was further immensely complicated by constant wars, sieges, and transfers of population. When a town was taken, there was not, indeed, a massacre of the men and a wholesale violation of the women, such as was common in the Middle Ages, but there was often a great sale of slaves. We hear of the slave-dealers waiting behind the lines ready to buy human flesh cheap. After every campaign there were hundreds of helpless women and children tossed hither and thither about the Greek world, or held by the *lenones* for the purpose of their infamous traffic.

It is women of this sort, the victims of war, mostly friendless and the sport of circumstances, whom Menander chooses for his heroines. The titles of many plays are taken definitely from towns recently captured, 'The Woman of Andros', 'of Olynthus', 'of Perinthus', 'of Samos', tell the story plainly enough; and the harp-player, Habrotonon, in 'The Arbitration', with her generous recklessness and her longing for freedom, had exactly the same history behind her. In many plays the woman is the property of a soldier; he bought her cheap on the spot, no doubt, or perhaps got her as a prize. The facts are brutal, but the human beings are much the reverse. In one play, 'Hated', the soldier has fallen in love with his prize, but will not touch her or trouble her because the frightened girl has told him that she hates him. He walks out alone at night and thinks of suicide. In others, some generous or amorous youth tries desperately to collect the necessary sum to buy the girl's freedom or at worst sets fire to the slaver's house and rescues the girl by force. No doubt these women sometimes showed one sort of character, sometimes another; and sometimes they just lapsed into their new conditions serenely, with a professional eye to the main chance.

Plays on 'Humours'

A great mass of plays again deals with what the seventeenth century would have called 'humours', the quaint characteristics of human nature. The titles are often impossible to translate owing to the differences in mere grammar between Greek and English. 'Avardepeum' is perhaps 'Woman Changes Her Mind', 'In Mourning for Himself' suggests a play like Arnold Bennett's 'Great Adventure'. 'The Woman-Hater', 'The Sea-Captain', 'The Recruiting Officer', seem fairly clear. So does 'Cheat Him Again!' as we know from a brilliant scene in Plautus' *Bacchides*, where the slave Chrysalus, who has just cheated

his master's father out of 200 Philippi, and been found out and compelled to restore the money, is then required to deceive the old man again and get it back! 'The Imbrians' or 'Gone to Imbros' was supposed to refer to the fact that that island was the nearest place in which to escape extradition for debt and small offences; like an old English farce with the title 'A Bolt to Boulogne'.

Tradition says that Menander was a friend of Epicurus. If so we need not be surprised to find a comedy called 'The Superstitious Men', and we know a group of plays which deal with similar subjects. In 'The Apparition' the plot presents us with a widower who has married again; his new wife has a grown-up daughter whose existence she has concealed, but from whom she cannot bear to be parted. She constructs a shrine in her house, with a curtain in front and a secret exit, and here the daughter visits her. Her husband's son, who is rather surprised at his stepmother's extreme piety, catches sight in the shrine of a mysterious figure, which is explained to him as being a divine apparition. One sees the start for a comedy of mystification. We have again, on a fragmentary papyrus, part of an account of the plot of 'The Priestess'. A man's wife had left him long ago—perhaps for religious reasons—and become a priestess. He does not know what she did with their son, and the Priestess is unapproachable. She is, however, by profession a special adept at exorcising demons, so the man's confidential slave pretends to be possessed, has an imitation fit on the temple steps, and is promptly taken in by the Priestess for treatment. He thus finds out what he wants—that the boy is being reared as their own by some people called X—and tells the father, who goes at once to claim his son. But it so happens that the Xs also have a son of their own, and by mistake the excited old gentleman lights on him and claims to be his father by telling a story which seems obvious nonsense. The boy decides that the old gentleman is mad, and tells his foster-brother; who consequently, when his father, now better informed, approaches him on the same subject, humours him as a lunatic. I omit some minor complications; but even thus one sees what an immense advance in the mechanism of plot-construction and en-

tanglement has been made since the classical times of Greek drama.

It is a curious thing, this power of world-wide and almost inexhaustible influence. A price has to be paid for it. A writer cannot be so popular unless he has—I will not say, a touch of vulgarity himself, but at least is capable of being read with pleasure by the common man. All great writers and thinkers need interpreters; otherwise the difference between them and the average lazy public is too great. And it is likely enough that Menander has gained in influence rather than lost through his dependence on his Roman imitators. He had his interpreters and popularisers provided. But, to justify such a long life for Menander's influence, there must have been something more than wit and high spirits, some inheritance precious enough to compel the interest of successive generations. And I think we can see what there was. There go to the greatest imaginative work usually two qualities: intensity of experience and the gift of transmuting that intensity into beauty. Menander had a touch of both.

Gibbon speaks somewhere of the intense suffering which is caused when a refined and sensitive population is put under the control of brutal and uneducated conquerors, or, what comes to much the same thing, exposed to the brutal play of chance. He was thinking of the highly civilised Byzantines put at the mercy of the Turks; we may think of the innumerable sensitive natures who were broken or driven mad by the strains of violence and persecution in our recent wars. Menander belonged to just such a refined and sensitive generation—the most civilised the world had seen before that date, and perhaps for 2,000 years after it—flung suddenly into a brutal and violently changing world. He interpreted its experience in his own characteristic way; not by a great spiritual defiance, like the Stoic or Cynic; not by withdrawal from the world like the Epicurean; but by humour, by patience, by fortitude, by a curious and searching sympathy with his fellow mortals, in their wriggings as well as their firm stands; and by a singular power of expressing their thoughts and their strange ways in verse so gracious and satisfying that the laughter in it seldom hurts, and the pain is suffused with beauty.—*Third Programme*

The Prophet Who Became a Historian

MARTIN BRAUN on Josephus

JOSEPHUS presents the strange phenomenon of the prophet who became a historian. This is interesting enough in its psychological implications. But there is another and more general reason why a reassessment of Josephus is called for. I suggest that, having passed through a similar historical predicament, we are better attuned to his way of thinking than any previous generation of western scholars. We, too, have been engulfed by a tidal wave of pseudo-messianic mass madness leading to war, terror, and destruction. The circumstances which made him a so-called traitor or renegade have grown rather familiar in our lifetime. The understanding of Josephus, who has for far too long been neglected or condemned, should gain from this common fund of experience.

Born about A.D. 37 and destined to live through the most turbulent period of Jewish history, Joseph ben Matthias had the advantage of belonging to one of the aristocratic families of priestly descent which under Roman supervision ran the affairs of Jerusalem and Palestinian Jewry. He was endowed with an acute intellect, a formidable memory, natural charm, and a phenomenal adaptability. He might have been expected to join the aristocratic Sadducees; instead, young, ambitious and intellectually alert as he was, he threw in his lot with the popular and highly influential Pharisee party. On the psychological effects of his brief visit to Rome at the age of twenty-six we can only speculate. It must certainly have revealed to him his magic touch in influencing others and in mastering situations. It may have convinced him for ever of Roman military superiority; it may equally well have impressed upon him, as upon Jugurtha, the rottenness of the state of affairs in the capital. Anyhow, when in 66 the fatal breach with Rome came, he soon reappears as commander of the Jewish forces in the all-important region of Galilee.

In the following year—after the fall of Jotapata—he managed to surrender to the Roman general Vespasian, whose succession to the

throne he prophesied when Nero was still the undisputed master of the empire. Yet within two years the prophecy came true. Admitted to the imperial circle, Josephus henceforth acted throughout the siege of Jerusalem as Titus' adviser in what nowadays is called 'psychological warfare'. In this capacity he strained every nerve to save Jerusalem by trying to make the besieged see reason and accept unconditional surrender. In other words, he tried—alas, with as little success—to achieve what many a patriotic German exile attempted during the late war. After the war—now a Roman citizen—he settled with his family in Rome, secure in the protection of his imperial patrons. He became a writer, and it is to his literary work that the rest of his life was devoted. More precisely, he became a historian. The question is, how did it happen? What prompted him to write his first and most brilliant book *The Jewish War*, of which the original Aramaic edition was soon followed by the Greek version we read today?

Two motives are only too obvious. For one thing, he must have felt the urge to explain and defend the—to all appearances—inglorious and ambiguous, if not treacherous, role he played during the war. For another, since he owed the Flavians everything, his very life, his civic status, his estates, his pension, even his lodgings in Vespasian's old town-house, he was under an unescapable obligation to glorify their deeds. But he was able to undertake this task without doing violence to his conscience as a historian or as a Jew. For even taking into account their brutality in suppressing the Jewish rebellion, there can be no denying that Vespasian and Titus refused to bow to the vindictive clamour of an overwhelmingly anti-Semitic public opinion and showed a great deal of common sense and moderation in their treatment of the far-flung Jewish population.

Yet if Josephus had taken up the pen merely to defend and eulogise, he would in all probability have accomplished something akin to a

(continued on page 56)

NEWS DIARY

JULY 4-10

Wednesday, July 4

General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers says the Union will oppose National Coal Board's policy of stabilising prices if it means that miners must restrict their demands

Leaders of unions representing maintenance men in iron and steel industry recommend their executives to call a strike

King Hussein of Jordan expresses concern to Western Ambassadors about Israel's intentions on his country's border

Thursday, July 5

National Union of Sheet-metalworkers to ask for a substantial wage increase and a forty-hour week

Soviet authorities in Berlin hand over their radio station in the British sector to the western City Government

British Medical Association holds annual conference at Brighton

Friday, July 6

Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference ends. Statement published on transfer of bases in Ceylon

Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen submits claim for fifteen per cent. wage increase

Saturday, July 7

National Union of Teachers withdraws ban on collection of national savings in schools

Shop stewards from car factories in Birmingham ask their union executives to call a stoppage throughout the industry

Miss Shirley Fry of the United States beats Miss Angela Buxton to win the women's singles at Wimbledon

Grand Challenge Cup at Henley is won by the French Army crew

Sunday, July 8

A British Government official and his wife are murdered by terrorists in Cyprus

Egyptian trade mission arrives in London for a fortnight's visit

Two Polish Ministers responsible for factories in Poznan are removed from office

Monday, July 9

Earthquake causes deaths on a Greek island in the Aegean

Minister of Labour decides to set up Court of Inquiry into dispute in steel industry

Mr. Dingle Foot, Q.C., former Liberal M.P., joins Labour Party

Tuesday, July 10

President Eisenhower is to stand for a second term of office

Prime Minister tells Commons that he and Foreign Secretary will visit Soviet Union next May

House of Lords rejects Bill to abolish death penalty for murder by majority of 143



The Queen, wearing the Edinburgh, last Sunday money. Behind her is the

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a six-day visit to Edinburgh last week. In this photograph Her Majesty is presenting the Queen's prize to Major Blair at a competition held by the Royal Company of Archers in the Meadows, a public park, on July 4. Earlier the Queen had opened the new building of the National Library of Scotland



A scene from the Stratford upon Avon-Memorial Theatre's latest production, 'Love's Labour's Lost'. Left to right are Maria (Dilys Hamlett), Katharine (Greta Watson), Rosaline (Jeannette Sterke), the Princess of France (Geraldine McEwan), Berowne (Alan Badel), Dumain (David William), Longaville (Andrew Faulds), and Boyet (George Howe)

Right: Eton beating St. Paul's in the final of the Princess Elizabeth Cup on the last day of the Henley Regatta last Saturday

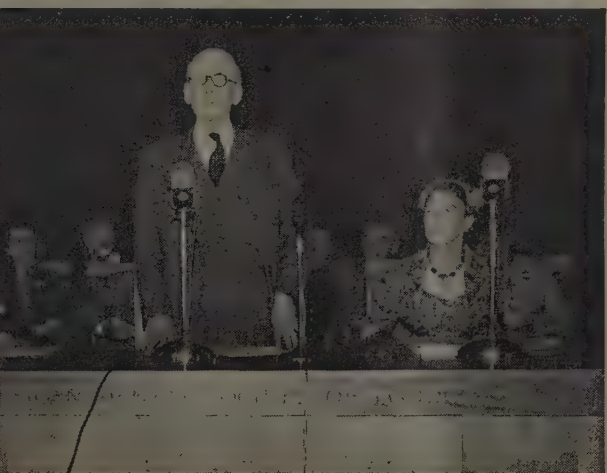


Mr. Charles Morgan speaking at the Great Hall of the House of Commons. Behind him is the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler





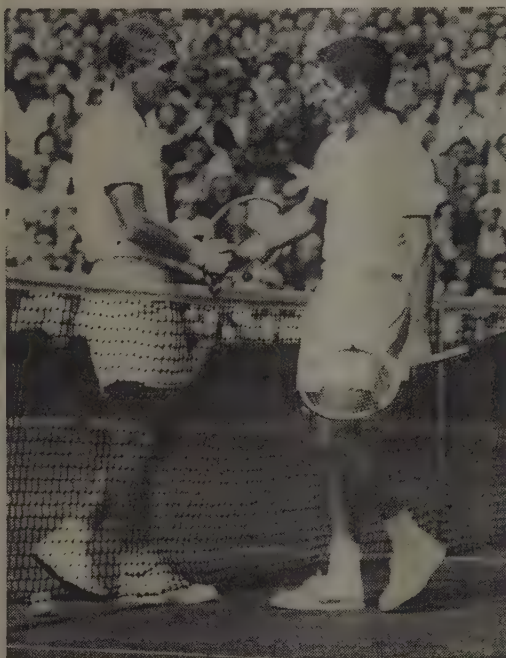
the Order of the Thistle, walking in procession from St. Giles' Cathedral, Majesty had installed two new Knights of the Order at a private ceremony in Edinburgh, and preceding her, Dr. Charles Warr, the Dean of the Order



the opening session of the twenty-eighth international congress of P.E.N. in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, on July 9. With him giving the inaugural address, and Miss C. V. Wedgwood, the historian, is president of the English Centre of P.E.N.



The Duke of Edinburgh speaking at the opening session of his Study Conference on the human problems of industrial communities, which was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on July 9. Attending the conference are 300 men and women from all parts of the Commonwealth. On the left of His Royal Highness is Lord Halifax, Chancellor of Oxford University



L. Hoad (Australia), left, who beat his fellow-countryman, K. Rosewall, in the final of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon on July 6, being congratulated by him after the match. The score was 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4



A prize-winning spike in the British Delphinium Society's annual show in London last week

(continued from page 53)

later work of his, the *Autobiography*, where the historical events are completely overlaid and distorted by his self-defence and the vilification of personal enemies. Instead, he produced a vast canvas stretching from the Maccabees down to the aftermath of the war, a canvas no doubt strongly coloured by his desire to please the Flavians and to show himself in the most favourable light. But these personal motives are subordinated to the overriding passion to bring back to life the tragedy he had witnessed and to unravel its plot. Great history often springs from some emotional conflict or deep personal experience. This seems to be true of Josephus. One has to be wholly blinded by prejudice not to perceive the depth of his grief at his nation's predicament. In my view, it was due to this sense of tragedy that he became capable of transcending his petty self-interest and of reaching out to heights worthy of a Thucydides. Thus his self-defence was turned into a defence of his stricken people.

Yet within the great national tragedy there took place the personal drama of Josephus, which by a twist of fate pushed him on the road to historical writing. It was but for one brief moment that he stepped from the wings of history into its centre. Needless to say, I do not refer to his generalship in Galilee, which is not even mentioned in any of the pagan sources, but to his role as a prophet. Let us consider briefly the sequence of events. A Jewish military commander prefers surrender to death. He ingratiate himself with the enemy general by foretelling his imminent accession to the throne, a prophecy which is fulfilled in due course. Vespasian becomes emperor, while Josephus—now an ex-prisoner—is recognised as a God-inspired man.

Point of No Return

The importance of this episode for Josephus cannot be overrated. It meant the point of no return—an agonising crisis which was to overshadow the rest of his life. In one of the most suggestive passages of his *War* he takes God to witness that—'I go' (sc. to the Romans) 'not as a traitor, but as thy minister', that is, as the bringer of God's message. And when addressing the besieged of Jerusalem, he makes this declaration of loyalty: '... Never may I live to become so abject a captive as to abjure my race or to forget the traditions of my forefathers!' On the other hand, this episode was fraught with consequence in that it decisively shaped his attitude towards history. Josephus had proved to himself that he was as God-inspired a man as his Biblical namesake, the archetypal 'dreamer of dreams'. He stood publicly confirmed as the mouthpiece of the Lord of History.

From the prophet of history to the man who works out the scheme of prophetic theology in the writing of history is no far cry in the sophisticated milieu to which Josephus was to belong. I suggest that the urge to work out that scheme and to fit into it his own prophetic role in the catastrophe he had witnessed must be counted among the primary impulses that drove Josephus to historical writing: and it kept him at it throughout his life—the trauma of Jotapata activating the atonement and self-justification complex which was to mark him for ever. Posterity has no reason to complain.

From what I have said it is obvious that I take his experience and role as a prophet as seriously as he did. I fail to see why he should be treated differently from, say, Cromwell, Gladstone, or even Hitler, who all acted on the belief of being chosen instruments of Divine Providence. I do not think him capable of blasphemy, nor do I doubt his subjective honesty. At the worst, he was guilty of honest self-deception. Dreading the stigma of treachery and desertion as much as death itself, his subconscious came to his rescue and provided him with a moral alibi. The portentous dreams that haunted him are clearly vehicles of the fear with which his intuitive mind envisaged the immediate future. Then, while hiding in the cistern of Jotapata, he had a sudden revelation which decided his course of action and by entrusting him with a divine mission turned into a duty towards God what to all appearances was treason and desertion. Scarred though he remained for life, he emerged from the ordeal with his self-esteem not only intact but enhanced. During the siege of Jerusalem he saw himself as a second Jeremiah in the same way as John the Baptist had re-enacted the role of Elias and Jesus that of the Suffering Servant-Messiah. And when the Temple of Jerusalem went up in flames on the same day as its predecessor more than six and a half centuries before, this coincidence put the final seal on Josephus' self-interpretation and on his historico-theological understanding of the *Weltmoment* through which he was passing.

Whatever his perspective may have been, when during the siege he

started to collect material, there can be no doubt that after the fall of Jerusalem the fate of the Temple became the central theme and the crux of his work. What was the real meaning of the Temple's destruction, its real cause, its real purpose? The whole war was now conceived of as a tragedy whose divinely preordained plot necessitated and culminated in the burning down of the Temple. It was in unravelling the web of characters and events which, regardless of human design, conspired to bring about the divinely decreed ruin of the Temple that Josephus not only became a historian but also a philosopher-theologian of history. This conception of history, a strange amalgam of preponderantly Jewish prophetic theodicy and Graeco-Stoic fatalism, was to colour his whole literary output from start to finish.

Tragic Fatality

Classical Greek tragedy shows the inescapability of Fate and—as a corollary—the impotence and blindness of man. The myth of Oedipus is the best known example, but history, too, was made to bear out the lesson of tragic fatality. Croesus, guided or rather misguided by an oracle of the Delphic god, crosses the river Halys and destroys a mighty empire—his own, thus anew demonstrating *ate*, that is, human blindness and infatuation. It is noteworthy that Josephus applied this fate-guilt-oracle scheme to the 'plot' of his tragedy—the *Jewish War*. Like Croesus, the Jews, trusting in an 'oracle', went to war to gain a world-empire—with the same result and a similar lesson, namely, that 'it is impossible for men to escape their fate, even though they foresee it'.

There can be no doubt as to the oracle to which Josephus refers. The belief in the forthcoming establishment of the messianic kingdom as prophesied in the Book of Daniel was an important, perhaps even a decisive, factor in swaying the minds of the Jewish insurgents. What made the tragic fatality of the conflict all the more poignant for Josephus was that, unlike Croesus, the Jews had in him a revealer of the ambiguous oracle's true meaning. It was the meaning of this oracle which, he claims, suddenly dawned on him in the cistern of Jotapata; and which to convey to Vespasian he deemed a mission entrusted to him by God. Evidently, if the sovereignty of Vespasian and not the messianic kingdom was preordained for this juncture of history, then the national struggle of the Jews was not only devoid of any religious sanction but in truth an act of defiance against the purposes of Divine Providence or Fate.

It is legitimate to describe the over-all attitude of Josephus as historical fatalism, though in his practical ethics he insisted on the free will and the personal responsibility of the individual. Standing with one foot in the camp of free will and with the other in that of necessity, he regarded himself as a good Pharisee or Stoic. Everyone is free to choose between good and evil, and the Jews and—through them—mankind have in the Mosaic Law a safe guide for ordering their lives in a manner agreeable to God. This and the proposition that all actions of man are rewarded and punished by an all-seeing Divine Justice form the burden of his later work, *The Jewish Antiquities*. Alas, human folly and sinfulness again and again carry the day, and in the life of a nation the just have to suffer with the unjust. God in His omniscience foresees the outcome of human actions and in His omnipotence decrees all things to come. Yet in His mercifulness He warns man by foretelling the future through the mouth of His prophets. But these oracles are liable to be either misunderstood by man's wishful thinking or contemptuously rejected. Fate thus takes its course—Fate not conceived as an independent and impersonal power but as the Decrees of History issued by the very personal God of Holy Scripture. It is especially the Book of Daniel which contains the chart of future history, as was confirmed anew for Josephus by Vespasian's elevation to the throne, and in his *Antiquities* he hints darkly that this Book also foretells the doom of the Roman Empire.

Triumph of God—not Rome

This theology provided Josephus with the master-key for the understanding of the supreme catastrophe in Jewish history. As the whole struggle was conducted in the teeth of true prophecy, so the outrages committed by the war party brought about the fulfilment of another set of 'oracles', to the effect that the Temple would be burnt to the ground whenever its precincts were defiled by murder and other crimes. Thus by using Roman power for His own providential purpose, it was God, not Rome, who triumphed in the year 70. This interpretation of Roman power as an agency of Divine Providence was calculated to give

comfort to the stricken Jews by taking the religious sting out of national catastrophe; for, as Josephus affirmed, there was always hope for His people to propitiate the wrath of God once they had mended their ways.

Responsibility for the Jewish War

This is the religious aspect of the guilt problem as it imposed itself upon the historian's mind: following the prophetic pattern, Josephus found his nation guilty before God. Yet there was another side of the problem, namely, the politically all-important question as to who was to blame for the outbreak of war in the year 66. In this context Josephus shows himself less candid and more—in the conventional sense—patriotic. Speaking as an advocate in his own and his nation's cause, he pleads 'Not Guilty' or 'Not Wholly Guilty'. His main thesis is that the great mass of Jews and their ruling class were throughout peace-loving and opposed to the break with Rome, provoked though they had been by cruel and avaricious procurators. It was a small number of fanatics who forced the hapless and defenceless majority into hostilities and kept the Jews in this forlorn struggle through a regime of mass terror unparalleled in antiquity and reminiscent of the bloody happenings during the French Revolution and the troubles in Ireland. It is understandable that Josephus should have tried to minimise the extent to which the Jewish body politic was infected by aggressive messianism and thus to shift the war guilt on to a handful of 'gangsters', as, similarly, after the second world war German apologists sought to confine the responsibility for the war and the atrocities attending it to a few nazis at the top. And, like any Schacht and von Papen, Josephus, too, had every interest in obscuring the discreditable part he had played in the initial phase of the war.

Yet both lines of reasoning—the religious as well as the political—led to the same conclusion. There must be no repetition of 66. For to challenge the might of Rome, sanctioned as it was by Divine Providence, was madness (it is one of his key-words), whether judged by theological or by political standards. Here we grasp another compelling motive for Josephus to write the history of the war—to drive home the lesson of Roman invincibility and thus to counteract any Zealot-mindedness that might have outlived the disaster.

The Jewish War could be described as a huge sermon against the folly of rebellion. And yet in spite or because of its pragmatic purpose it is a superb piece of historical craftsmanship. Josephus has shown his mettle as a historian in portraying those terrible events and in analysing the motives and mental states of the leading men, of the social groups, sub-groups, and various nationalities involved. And it should be remembered that the man who accomplished this was handicapped by an abnormally developed egotism. Though in many respects a true Thucydidean, he was incapable of the master's self-effacement. But it is equally true that he did not allow his story to degenerate into a mere vehicle of personal polemics or theology. It was, after all, Josephus who put the Jewish war 'on the map'. And it is the measure of his greatness that we continue to see that tragic event through his eyes, as we shall for ever see the Peloponnesian War through the eyes of Thucydides.

But nothing can make us more aware of his excellence than to compare his truly majestic canvas both with the string of fanciful anecdotes in the Talmud and the insipid as well as meagre account in Tacitus. And the highest virtue of this canvas is its perspective in depth—its conveying the fact that 'this greatest conflict of all times' was simultaneously a national, a racial, a religious, and a civil war. With the partisanship of a Macaulay and the tragic sense of a Carlyle he painted the multifarious interplay of passions, characters, and designs, apportioning the respective guilt of all involved and not allowing Greeks and Romans to go scot-free altogether. If at the end the reader is gripped by fear and pity, the dramatist-historian has achieved his purpose.

The 'Greek Livy'

Jerome called Josephus the Greek Livy—a compliment befitting the author of the *Antiquities*, inspired as this monumental history of the Jews was by an abiding love for his people and the desire to demonstrate to a largely hostile public the virtues of the Jewish way of life. The point I want to make is that Josephus, though he eventually stepped into the shoes of a Livy or, rather, a Dionysius of Halicarnassus, became a historian as the modern Thucydides of the Romano-Jewish War. It would be no exaggeration to say that Josephus must be accounted the greatest Thucydidean of late antiquity prior to another Palestinian

—Procopius. But Procopius had his roots deep in the Greek tradition, while 'the priest of Jerusalem' was already in his thirties when transplanted from his native Aramaic environment. And yet within a few years he produced his masterpiece. To make this less of a miracle modern scholarship fell back on the ever-convenient hypothesis of highly accomplished 'ghost-writers' who as literary assistants are supposed to have contributed greatly to his success. Josephus is frank about the help he received in matters of style. But his whole literary output, stretching over more than twenty years, exhibits so striking a unity of outlook that to doubt or belittle his personal achievement is completely unwarranted.

Yet to a man as brilliantly endowed as Josephus his Palestinian Judaic background presented not only a handicap: it was also a distinct advantage—and this for two reasons. One lies in the stimulating effect of cultural displacement. The other is that his thinking was informed by a 'metaphysic' of essentially historical orientation—a 'metaphysic' which vouchsafed him a certainty in the interpretation of history denied to any non-Jewish writer. If I may use a simile, to produce an atomic explosion one has to fuse two quantities of fissile material. Something like this must have happened in the case of Josephus. His mind was steeped in Jewish history and in a theology which not only proclaimed God as the Lord of History, but verified His providential care in the actual course of events. Bringing to bear his Jewish consciousness on the art-form and thought-patterns of Greek historiography, Josephus achieved something all his own—something close enough to Stoic-inspired historical writing to conform with Greek habits of mind and yet unmistakable in its distinctness—a milestone on the road to Eusebius and St. Augustine. Fusing the Greek and the Jewish tradition and paving the way for the Christian interpretation of history, Josephus thus occupies a significant place in the annals of historiography.

—Third Programme

Poem in Absence

'For the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land'

Shot? Tripped in the air and downed my dove,
She never tongued what clipped her to the earth,
Lapped in the rimed grass lies and cannot move,
Not a limed hour like this since birth.

She who tendered her wanton song
All summer in the sun
Halts on one wing—
I take her up and in.

Out of this wrack I'll wring her music yet,
Cosset her, comfort with a warming word.
It is the frost, no fire to cause her mild blood fret,

Without a beam of sun unstirred
Stands in her veins, how can it sing
She drags one cockled wing?
Yet in the park
Blunt bulb heads break the dark

Soil, and the till-world-end rose, defiant
Thrusts a shoot. In a leaf world laced light and shadow
She swung, hung on two pinions, slant

Down a thread of spun yellow,
Vaulted the high top minutes in her song
Never her singing stave too long.
Now in her need
These fingers find her seed.

Nourish her with this torn and tortuous tune
Till she can lift to the warm breeze
Twin plumes, a sleight of Spring stirs in my room.
Already from my sill she sees

Over time's tangled waves her distant peak;
I'll send her soon, a bright bud in her beak,
To give you call
How our wild waters fall.

MAUREEN DUFFY

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

SIX of the ten stained-glass windows to be made for the nave of Coventry Cathedral by a team from the Royal College of Art are now being exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum. They were designed by Mr. Geoffrey Clarke, Mr. Lawrence Lee, and Mr. Keith New. These windows are of enormous size, seventy feet high, and they cannot, of course, be fairly judged until they are seen in a building of appropriate dimensions; in their present position they may well seem more confusing in design than they really are. The treatment is almost entirely abstract, though here and there a recognisable shape emerges, but there is a great deal of symbolism which the spectator is not likely to make out unless supplied with the key. Some of this symbolism is designed to work in an expressionist way—certain shapes, for example, are described by their designer as being piercing and evil—but some of it is pictographic, as when a burst-open pomegranate is intended to signify the future life. It may be doubted whether enough light will eventually get through these windows, except on the brightest days, to illuminate their design clearly, and even with the artificial light here provided behind them one often seems to be peering at shapes in the dusk; but there are many passages of rich and varied colour and the artists have undoubtedly made a proper as well as a brave use of the medium. Mr. Spence, the architect of the cathedral, says that these windows are 'absolutely contemporary', which means that they contain many shapes that are conventional now but were not so fifty years ago. This gives a certain unity of rhythm, as there is in any art, such as Egyptian painting or *art nouveau* decoration, which uses a fixed mode of stylisation. But even so, though it is impossible to be certain until the windows are in their right place, a less fluid and involved design, a stricter articulation, might perhaps have been more satisfactory in works of such size as these.

The Tate Gallery has a most welcome exhibition of the work of Wyndham Lewis together with that of some other adherents, some of them now little known, of the vorticism movement. Mr. Lewis, in an introduction to the catalogue, gives a frank and fascinating definition of vorticism. It was 'what I, personally, did, and said, at a certain period', and 'I, personally' is, of course, the essence of his art; he is the least passively receptive of artists. So much is this so that when in some of the later portraits he inspected the model more closely than before, his hand seems to have faltered and his touch grew stiff; there is far more spring and vitality in the metallic shapes of his own invention than in any of his studies of flesh and blood. He is, as much as Picasso, the creator of a world, though it is less various than Picasso's; he is the perfect illustrator to a tale of science fiction. He is, of course, more draughtsman than painter and indifferent to many of the

possibilities of the medium of oils, but in this large exhibition where his work can be seen as a whole his use of paint seems more expressive than it may have been thought before; this harshness of surface is a necessary part of the abrupt and startlingly original statement. For all the idiosyncrasy of his art the style of his invention could be profitably modified by other artists, as may be seen in one of the best of all Mr. William Roberts' paintings, 'The Cinema'.

An exhibition of the work of Suzanne Valadon at the Lefevre Gallery, the first to be seen in London, shows that Utrillo's mother was very much an artist in her own right. The drawings are the most obviously impressive of her works; exact, sensitive, and highly professional, they make it easy to see why Degas thought so well of her art. Her painting is not so markedly professional, no doubt because it often betrays the influence of Gauguin, but she seems always to have known exactly what effect she intended, and every statement she made in paint was positive and unequivocal.

At the Marlborough Gallery a large exhibition of the work of Constantin Guys

makes it possible to survey every phase of his art, from his reporting of the Crimean War to his wonderful studies of low life in his later years. So unambitious an artist as he evidently was inevitably produced on occasion work that was comparatively slight, but it is extraordinary how often what at first sight seems almost casual eventually reveals a far more serious grasp of form and a greater originality of design than could have been expected in a drawing of so modest a scope.

M. Mathieu, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, is a painter who practises what is called 'Tachisme', scrawls and arabesques of unpremeditated paint, often squeezed out directly from the tube on to the canvas. His work seems to have rather more balance and direction than that of some other painters of this school. At Tooth's Gallery there are to be seen 'Les Peintres Heureux', modern French artists deliberately chosen for the cheerfulness or decorative quality of their work.

Two picture books which may be welcomed as a very entertaining idea are *Montmartre* and *Venice* (both Skira, 45s. each). These must be about the most frequently painted places in the world, and in this new series of Skira books a large number of paintings of each of them is reproduced in colour though on a rather small scale. *Montmartre* begins with views by Georges Michel which were painted when it was a country place, and ends with Utrillo and Vivin. M. Pierre Courthion, who writes the text, knew several of the artists he mentions and his account is pleasantly anecdotal. The volume on *Venice*, in which the text is by several writers, includes some pictures which are hardly views of the place, but it is an attractive book nevertheless.



'La Pédicure', by Suzanne Valadon: from the exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery

Gardening

July Work in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

IN the middle of last month I went to the Vale of Evesham, and you may remember from there John Hall and I were talking about the vegetable garden. It would not be possible to talk about the month's work in the garden without repeating some of the sound advice that he gave. He had then already cleared some of his early crops and the ground was being prepared again for more crops to follow. By now you will have cleared some of the early potatoes and will soon be clearing the early peas. Much hard work was put into the preparation of the ground for those first crops and a good deal of that hard work will be wasted if you do not follow up with more vegetables. John's advice was to sow carrots, beetroot, salad onions, French beans, and lettuce, crops which will come in during the late summer and autumn, and plant cabbage January King and sprouting broccoli for late winter and early spring use.

One other piece of good advice he gave was to sow a row of cabbage savoy Ormskirk, and it must be the variety Ormskirk. Sow the seed very thinly along the drills, and when the seedlings come up thin them so that those that remain are twelve to fifteen inches apart; these will make good small cabbage for use during the late winter. It is usual to sow cabbage savoy in a seed bed and transplant the young plants, and those for early use should be transplanted during the next week or two, but with the Ormskirk which are sown now, these are not transplanted but left to mature in the rows where they are sown.

For the other work I would go so far as to say the most important of all the jobs during the next few weeks is controlling the pests and diseases before they get the better of any of our plants. The insect pests will include green fly, black fly and other aphids, caterpillars, leaf-mining maggot, and, where there are large trees about, the capsid or bishop bug; and I suppose one of the most troublesome diseases will be the mildew which can affect roses, chrysanthemums, peas, fruit trees, and so many other plants in the garden.

If you go into a shop to buy a packet or bottle of insecticide or

fungicide you must be puzzled to know what to buy from such a wide selection. For the smaller garden you cannot go far wrong if you buy one of the sprays containing derris or one of the newer ones containing the B.H.C. to control the insect pests. For the mildew and other fungus diseases a spray containing colloidal copper is about the best. Often these sprays can be combined; for instance, if you are spraying your roses for green fly you can add the fungicide spray to the insecticide and it will prevent or even stop the spread of mildew.

You can never hope to grow good plants if they are infected with insects which are sucking their life blood or feeding on the foliage, and the important thing is to control them in the early stages. You will have noticed how the leaves of plants curl and roll themselves up when they have aphids on them; if you leave them until they reach this stage it is hard to destroy the aphids or whatever they may be. Green fly will often cluster themselves round a young bud or among the young leaves; they like the tender parts of the plants; on the chrysanthemums they will get right into the centre of each shoot, and they like to get underneath the leaves, too.

When you are spraying, use a forceful spray, and it is important to wet all parts of the plants; spray them over the top and then direct the spray upwards from ground level so that you get the spray underneath the leaves and stems. If you have any black fly on the broad beans, then spray these before they spread to the runner beans, and watch for the cabbage white butterfly; last year it did untold damage to Brussels sprouts and all the other winter green crops. A few minutes with the sprayer in good time can save you hours later on, and your plants and crops will be the better for it. If you have any plants in the garden affected with a virus disease, then these viruses which are in the sap of the plants are transmitted from one plant to another by sucking insects such as green fly; by controlling the green fly you are reducing the risk of virus diseases being spread from plant to plant.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

Has the World Enough Oil?

(continued from page 43)

from current profits. They therefore assumed that this would continue to be so. But in Europe and the East the requirements of capital are becoming suddenly much bigger because the industry starts to grow faster than it used to do, and consequently profits on today's turnover would have to increase a great deal to finance tomorrow's business. We are told that it is a good thing that the greater part of the profits is being 'ploughed back'. This term, with its agricultural flavour of fresh air and virtuous thrift, does more to confuse than to enlighten the public. These profits, before they can be ploughed back, have first to be made, and the industry which makes them subjects all others to a kind of compulsory saving. If less of the profit was reinvested, profits of this magnitude would never be made, since they could not be distributed without attracting unfavourable attention. Most likely prices would be lower; that is to say, other industries would make bigger profits and individuals might have more money to put where they liked.

Admittedly the oil industry as a whole needs more capital now, and we are told that the so-called 'capital market' is not sufficiently wide today to provide this new capital; that means, there are not enough other savings available to satisfy the needs of the oil industry. This is probably true now because of high taxation, and no one can blame an industry for getting the money where it can, especially if it is put to good use. Yet this practice has its dangers. Some industries, of which oil is only one, are so organised as to be able to be judges in their own case. If they take to self-financing, by setting their profit target sufficiently high, the very principle of a free-flowing capital market will be affected. This capital market is normally fed by savings of many

individuals and by profits of all enterprises. If it becomes a general habit of 'strong' industries to pre-empt a large slice of what is available, we are getting into a vicious circle: because the capital market is insufficient, some industries intercept the money before it gets there; thus the capital market gets weaker still, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Anyhow, the picture of the oil industry as I have drawn it is one of great promise: we have seen a continuous increase in demand, which lately has gathered still greater momentum. The oil industry—on a world-wide basis—has got what it takes to meet this demand; indeed, almost 100 years after the sinking of the first crude oil wells, the industry is as virile, as resourceful, and as elastic as ever. I have mentioned the deferred threat of new sources of energy. It may be more than a threat in due course; today it is, I believe, but a spur to rapid advance by more generous use of our oil reserves. The difficulties, such as they are, seem to result from oil's prominence in international and national affairs. As we have seen, much of the world is split into producer countries and consumer countries; also, just because oil has become so important, public opinion cannot be indifferent to the question of oil company policies.

The oil companies have become so big, and there are so few of them, that the public sometimes feels uneasy about almost anything including prices and profits as they result from the type of competition that exists between the oil companies. The only remedy for such distrust is to take the public into one's confidence. The basic position must be realised: that the oil companies are today—and have to be—part of a private enterprise system and at the same time trustees of public interest.—Home Service



EUROPE IN PERSchwepprive

To see Greece in its true Perschweppive, we recommend our two, not one day tour. Enjoy the armchair comfort of your "Duxdown" seat as you relax in luxurious CLASSICAR, Day One, to Athens, with many distant glimpses of the *azure sea (for wine-dark sea use opening f 4.5 and colour filter 6N). This will leave plenty of time for the ***Parthenon. Note difference between Tympanum, Akroterion and the Celta (Σηλας) or sanctuary proper. [MIST: The sculptures, crowning glory of this ancient temple, are of course British, being the Elgin marbles.] In the Museum (H4 on map) is a picture of the *Explosion when the Parthenon was blown up, owing to the Turks. At hours 1400 tourists are allowed to disperse and may go for a little walk by themselves (for "independent study" see brochure). At hours 1500



we walk along the street past the chemist's shop (περιχημιας) and hear actual Greek people actually talking actual Greek.

DAY TWO (Environs) includes a special half-day excursion to MARATHON (40 mins.; optional). On I. (Leros) see *Mound of earth (38½ ft. high, 198 ft. in circf., wt. approx. 18 tns. 12 lbs.) near which Ld. Byron took his viewpoint ("The isles of G., the isles of G." If moonlight effect preferred for "all, except: their sun is set", use Minifilm 8 and 1/50th at f32). For rest of tour, in this most glorious country, a "Glareprufe" lens hood is recommended for photographers, not only to avoid the full Mediterranean *sun, but also to prevent the intrusion into the picture of the chance dirty factory, the inappropriate advertisement on the picturesque wall, and the occasional tremendously old goat.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Snapshots of My Seniors

Sir,—Mr. Hesketh Pearson speaks of Bernard Shaw as a 'greater Voltaire' (THE LISTENER, July 5). May I compare the two under headings?

Literature: Let us bracket them together as masters of prose. But is there anything in Voltaire as insensitive and banal as Shaw's alteration of history to make St. Joan choose burning alive rather than life imprisonment, when she really was burnt for refusing to deny her Voices?

Intellectual honesty: This is the most important quality in a critic. Voltaire's work is all of a piece, no argument in it contradicts any other. Shaw's attack on England over Denshawai is contradicted by his applause of Mussolini's butchery in Abyssinia; everything in his socialist propaganda is nullified by his praise of Stalin's autocracy. His jeers at the medical profession and at meat eating are countered by his acceptance of the liver extract cure for his own pernicious anaemia; his advocacy of equal incomes for all by his piling up of an immense fortune.

Charity and courage: At the risk of death by torture Voltaire fought to victory the cause of the family of Jean Calas, who had already suffered such a death at the instigation of the most powerful institution in Europe. I know nothing in Shaw's history remotely resembling this. All through his life Voltaire preserved his gaiety and wit in constant danger of a horrible end from Church or State.

Practical sense: Voltaire, at the end of a life spent telling people that if they used their brains they would be much less miserable, showed the possibility of this by setting up at Ferney a happy and prosperous little community under his own guidance. I suggest this is a greater achievement than Shaw's well-known success in financial dealings.

Sex: Voltaire had the bawdy straightforward humour of Montaigne or Chaucer. I am not alone in finding Shaw's love-letters even more nauseating than those of Swift and Ruskin, who also 'touched the hem of Nature's shift, felt faint. . .'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

DENIS BROWNE

The Generous Creed

Sir,—Your correspondent Fr. Thomas Conlan, S.J., labours to distinguish the views of 'the true Christian Liberal' (i.e., Roman Catholic) from those of 'the textbook Liberalists' (i.e., liberals in the tradition of John Stuart Mill). He argues that a Christian, in his sense, would include on his list of grounds on which liberty may be restricted 'matters endangering eternal salvation'. This I take it means that a Christian, in his sense, holds that the fact that publishing or propagating a certain opinion would constitute a danger to someone's eternal salvation may constitute a sufficient reason for preventing such publication or propaganda. But this addition, when one remembers the enormous and exclusive claims of Fr. Conlan's Church, must, or at the very least could, make nonsense of his claim to be any sort of liberal. For on these grounds he could justify, and perhaps should demand, the suppression of all opinions incompatible with any of the fundamental teachings of the Roman Church.

Fr. Conlan can scarcely complain if his Humpty-Dumpty manoeuvres with the words 'Liberal' and 'Liberalist' remind others of the

party slogans in Orwell's nightmare 1984: 'Ignorance is Strength, Freedom is Slavery, War is Peace'. Or even of the late Adolf Hitler's claim: 'National socialism is true Democracy'.—Yours, etc.,

University College of
North Staffordshire

ANTONY FLEW

Walter de la Mare

Sir,—Mr. James Reeves (THE LISTENER, July 5) states that Mr. de la Mare was 'barely thirty' when he gave up his employment with the Anglo-American Oil Company and 'accepted a civil list pension'. This misconception has already appeared elsewhere. Let us look at what his friend Henry Newbolt has to say:

I may even say that we faced a great crisis together, for in 1905 de la Mare accepted my urgent advice that he should leave 'Oil'—the service of the Rockefeller Standard Oil Trust—and enlist as a writer for whatever his country might be willing to give him. To lessen the risk I asked the Prime Minister, through his secretary Henry Higgs, if he could nominate the most promising poet of the time for a Civil List Pension. The reply was that to pension a man of thirty-three was an extremely expensive undertaking, as had been proved by the case of Tennyson: but Mr. Asquith would ask for a donation from the Royal Bounty. This was in fact obtained and handed over to me in trust to make the best use of it for the poet's benefit. It actually sufficed to change the whole situation, for before I paid over the final instalment de la Mare was receiving for reviews . . . more than four times the amount of his salary as statistician to the Oil Trust, and—more important still—his time was at his own disposal and the credit of his work was cumulative. (*My World as in My Time*, Faber, 1932.)

There is a deal of difference between receiving a lump sum to tide one over, and having the backing of a lifelong income, however meagre. Great credit ought to be given to Newbolt for doing all he could, and more than credit to de la Mare for his courage in accepting the risk and thereafter making his own way. This may seem to some a piece of hair-splitting, but where great men are concerned a respect for ascertainable fact is, I believe, not to be despised.

Yours, etc.,

Rye

PATRIC DICKINSON

Charles Bradlaugh

Sir,—Has Mr. Coleman (THE LISTENER, June 28) really read my letter (THE LISTENER, June 21)? If so he would see that the 'mis-statements' he finds in it are not there. On the contrary, every statement in that letter is correct.

It is known history that the *Fruits of Philosophy* was not prosecuted in this country till the Bristol bookseller and Bradlaugh appeared on the scene. It was distributed before that freely and widely. I have had in my hands the third edition dated 1841, on the title page of which it is stated that it is published by J. Watson, in Finsbury, and sold by Hetherington, the Strand; Cleave, Fleet Street; Purkess, Old Compton Street; Heywood, Manchester; Guest, Birmingham; Smith, Nottingham; Smith, Liverpool; Barnes, Glasgow; Finlay, Edinburgh; O'Brien, Dublin [I italics mine] and 'all booksellers'. Perhaps Mr. Coleman has not seen this. I did not say that Bradlaugh published the Bristol bookseller's edition, but, quite correctly

about this 'he made his fuss'. A fuss, I may add, detrimental to the sober birth-control movement.

This letter would be far too long were I to include all relevant facts, so I hope your readers will look them up in *Contraception, its Theory, History, and Practice*, now in its eighth edition.

Yours, etc.,

Dorking

MARIE C. STOPES

'The Life of Robert Southwell'

Sir,—Although this letter is very late (owing to distance, etc.), may I correct an error in Mr. G. R. Elton's review of my book, *Robert Southwell* (THE LISTENER, June 14)? Referring to the *Humble Supplication* (which he miscalls the *Humble Petition*), Mr. Elton writes:

In fact, Southwell gave the game away by pleading for new councillors and a new policy (page 250); yet his biographer can apparently see nothing political in this.

In fact, however, Southwell did not make the plea for new councillors ascribed to him by Mr. Elton. Nor did I say that he did. I said, on page 250, that it was an 'unspoken conclusion' implicit in the situation that he had to face. All that he appealed for was a change of heart; under the circumstances this meant a change of councillors; but that was not his concern. Clearly he was on a disputed border-line between religion and politics, but he was on the right side of it. To describe his plea as 'political' in the pejorative sense would show a heavy preference for the claims of state over conscience.

Yours, etc.,

Macheke, CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN, S.J.
Southern Rhodesia

[Mr. Elton writes:

I apologise for mistitling the *Supplication* under the pressure of necessary speed and great busy-ness, but I cannot agree with Fr. Devlin's main point. He also wrote on page 250 that Southwell could allow his real conviction to appear only by implication, but that his conviction was what Persons put more bluntly—an abrupt change of councillors and peace with Spain. If even so friendly a judge reads these strongly political implications into Southwell's argument, the case seems clear. Indeed, there is something transparent to anyone familiar with the ancient charge of 'bad counsel' in the following passage from the *Supplication* (ed. Bald, page 16): 'If then your Highness would vouchsafe to behold our case with an unveiled eye and not view it in the mirror of a misinformed mind . . .'. Nor did I use 'political' in the pejorative sense: if I find these attempts to clear the priests (whatever their public pronouncements) of political intent unconvincing, I do not mean to ask for condemnation but for a true historical assessment. Their modern apologists are another matter.]

Walking in Devon

Sir,—In his talk on 'Walking in Devon' (THE LISTENER, June 28) has Mr. A. J. Coles perhaps allowed himself to be taken in by 'a gentleman from London' who misunderstood a rustic's replies? The incident is represented as recent; but the tale is ancient, probably one of the many anecdotes—mostly fictitious—which gathered about the name of Aesop, author of the *Fables*. At any rate, I met it in 1897 in a German 'Reader' for beginners; and it was not new then.—Yours, etc.,

Henley-on-Thames

J. F. CRACE



COSIMO DE' MEDICI (1389-1464)
 "Uncrowned king of Florence", Cosimo
 brought to full power the European network
 of commerce and finance—amongst the first of
 its kind—which his father had initiated. The
 drawing is after a cast in the British Museum.

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Edward VII and his Circle

By Virginia Cowles.

Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

THE PUBLISHERS PUT THIS FORWARD as a biography, based upon memoirs and letters, which does not attempt to hide the weaknesses and indiscretions of King Edward VII. So it is, but it is a serious attempt to give a conspectus of his life and of the more admirable points of his character and activities. Its author has a sense of character, a gift for selecting relevant information, and the ability to set it out in an agreeably readable form. Much of the story is inevitably familiar to the ordinary reader, but what the book lacks in novelty is more than balanced by its coherence as a portrait, and it is saved on the whole from staleness by the alertness with which Miss Cowles fastens upon essential truths.

Everybody knows that Queen Victoria was a repressive influence in the young prince's upbringing; Miss Cowles brings out with just the right emphasis that she did not really seem to love him; that she was narrow, unimaginative, and tactless as a mother; and that the son was dreadfully bored in his earlier years. In just the right way she allows the drama of such an incident as Sir Frederick Ponsonby's spiriting away of the Empress Frederick's letters to enliven and illustrate the story. And above all it is her sense of character which enables her to convey the lovable nature of Queen Alexandra or the scarcely lovable one of the Kaiser, whose relations with his uncle and whose obstreperousness are rightly given an important place in the narrative. Her view of the King himself is favourable but balanced. She understands and does not condemn his love of pleasure. She sees (which is not difficult) that he was not an intellectual, but recognises that he was a genuinely powerful force (which would be generally allowed); then comes her special touch of enlightenment:

The role the King took upon himself was not that of master, but of mistress. He cajoled and ameliorated and charmed. He smoothed the path of his ministers in whatever direction they desired. . . . He operated on instinct and impulse; and these feminine qualities, combined with unerring tact, rarely let him down.

The interpretation seems sound, the story is full of human and historical interest—at least for the ordinary reader. Historians, political or social, may find themselves raising an occasional eyebrow. Miss Cowles' brief account of the Jameson Raid, for instance, or her notion of the talk of persons in 'Edwardian Society' are peremptory; or she will speak of a 'torpedo-destroyer' on a naval occasion. Stranger still, she tells us that the King as a young man wore a 'luxurious' beard. Beards in his time were a fashion, not a luxury; and even if she meant 'luxuriant', that would hardly be the suitable word. These are small matters when an author is so interested in her subject, so sensible and sympathetic, and so readable.

The Craft of Letters in England. Edited

by John Lehmann. Cresset Press. 21s.

THE P.E.N. is holding its International Congress in London this week—the first time the capital has been so honoured since the war—and *The Craft of Letters in England* has been put out to celebrate the occasion. It is of much more than local or temporary interest, however. Aiming to cover the achievements of the twenty-five years that have passed since the publication

of *Scrutinies*, a dozen of our best critics (including Miss C. V. Wedgwood, Messrs. Alan Pryce-Jones, Philip Toynbee, Roy Fuller, G. S. Fraser, Maurice Cranston, with others equally distinguished) have collaborated to produce what is probably the best guide to the condition of the literary arts in England as they are being practised today.

A dozen independent-minded writers, tackling a dozen different subjects, will hardly speak with the legal unanimity of a jury. Nevertheless from the cross-currents of conflicting opinion certain points of almost general agreement emerge. Mr. Lehmann singles out some of these in his editorial introduction. One is 'that we are living in an age without giants'; and as a result of this, none of the essays is concerned with single writers (*Scrutinies* had special articles upon Joyce, Eliot, Virginia Woolf) but rather with general trends, cliques, movements. Thus Mr. Pryce-Jones writes on 'The Personal Story', the greatly increased output of autobiographies, travellers' tales and records of outstanding individual endeavour; and Mr. L. D. Lerner upon that hard-headed body of doctrine self-styled 'The New Criticism'. Another general conclusion, perhaps more arguable, is 'that we have reached a historical moment when it is impossible not to write about the human condition in our time; that all serious writers now are deeply concerned about problems of belief'. Contributor after contributor in fact reminds us that the occasion for frivolity is either past or not yet.

A third point of interest, to which Mr. Lehmann does not actually draw attention, is that the preponderance of these critics writes about literature from the inside. It is a practising novelist (Mr. Philip Toynbee) whom he has asked to write about 'Experiment and the Future of the Novel', and a practising poet (Mr. G. S. Fraser) to write about 'The Poet and his Medium'. This is as it should be. Criticism during the past thirty years has too often suffered from the attentions of critics who, uncreative themselves, dealt with works of art as if they had, like Athene, issued fully formed from the head of Jove, rather than as the imperfect end-products of fallible mortals wrestling with the wind and water of language and meaning.

William Nicholson. By Lillian Browse.

Hart-Davis. 50s.

Here is an impressive and complete catalogue of Sir William Nicholson's *œuvre*, a lively and well-written study of the painter and of some well chosen and well made reproductions; a work in fact which scholars must welcome and which should please the general public.

Sickert once said something to the effect that an artist had better remain in the kitchen and not venture into the drawing-room, and there can be no doubt that, in the present age, a good many artists have lost their virtue amongst the chintz and the teacups. Sir William could easily have been one of them; accepting Whistler's formula, by which the innovations of Paris could be made innocuous and acceptable to cultivated society in London, devoting much of his energies to portraiture, consistently avoiding all that is disquieting and displeasing, he remained untouched by the sincerities of Camden Town or the enthusiasms of the Fauves.

Adroit, graceful, and endowed with unfailing good taste, he seemed formed by nature to become a perfectly gentlemanly and perfectly undistinguished artist. Somehow he escaped this

fate and, in the face of every temptation, preserved his innocence. The fundamental decency which kept him out of the Royal Academy appears again and again in an honest style, a painterly integrity of method; it is interesting to see how nearly a man may become a royal academician and yet remain a true artist. It was not through any conscious exercise of virtue that Nicholson remained unspoiled, but rather that, being so perfectly at home in the drawing-room, it could not harm him. Corruption is, after all, a process of alteration. Nicholson could not be corrupted because he had no need to adjust himself to his surroundings; he remained true to himself in spite of everything, but, for that very reason, he remained a severely limited artist—an artist whose paintings have real intrinsic value but have, also, a socially historical quality which is commoner in bad painting than in good; in fine, an excellent subject for a book.

The Architecture of Sir Christopher Wren. By Viktor Fürst.

Lund Humphries. 63s.

Wren and his Place in European Architecture. By Eduard Sekler.

Faber. 63s.

In the recent discussions regarding the proper setting for St. Paul's, it has been interesting to observe that the principal supporters of the freely grouped, informal lay-out advocated by Sir William Holford have all been the more 'advanced' critics, whereas the upholders of a formal, symmetrical lay-out have been, almost without exception, the 'old guard', and those who may be broadly described as supporters of the Establishment. A similar cleavage can be observed in the context of eighteenth-century English gardening: the pioneers of the landscape garden were the Whig families, among whom the notion of grove nodding to grove was repugnant partly because of the limitation on intellectual freedom which this was felt somehow to symbolise. The tightly disciplined gardens of Versailles and Herrenhausen were appropriate to absolutism but not, it was felt, to the more liberal air of England.

The formalists, or 'tidies', as they have lately been called, have, needless to say, claimed that Wren himself would certainly have been of their way of thinking if only because he drew a formal plan for this very area, as well as advocating great formal avenues at Hampton Court and elsewhere. But this is surely to forget that Wren was living in the seventeenth century. A less superficial analysis seems to point to the conclusion that, if Wren had been alive today, it is far from certain that he would have advocated a formal lay-out.

For what particularly characterised Wren, both as a man and as an architect, was his almost infinite adaptability to circumstances, a point which frequently emerges from these two new studies of him. This gift of empirical improvisation had its dangers: aesthetically some of his buildings are undeniably deficient in style. But in the long run, surely, we have greatly benefited from the fact that, in his cast of mind, Wren was so much less theoretical, less doctrinaire, either than his great predecessor Inigo Jones or, more especially, than the Palladian architects who followed. He could assert that an architect should beware of fancy and guard against novelty, but when it came to completing

Christ Church, Oxford, he gave us the miraculous felicity of Tom Tower; and whereas Inigo Jones designed a west portico for St. Paul's which, though noble in itself, made no concession to the medieval building, Wren, at Westminster Abbey, set out, at the age of eighty-one, to restore the north transept 'without any modern Mixtures to shew my own Inventions'. 'To deviate from the old Form' (Mr. Fürst misquotes this as 'the whole form', by the way) 'would be to run into a disagreeable Mixture, which no Person of a good Taste could relish'. This is entirely typical of Wren, the more so as it is evident that he felt no personal attraction to the Gothic style: indeed 'I judge it not improper to endeavour to reform the Generality to a truer taste in Architecture'.

It is gratifying that two European scholars should now be publishing full and detailed studies of Wren. These are both books of high intelligence and value, and born, as such books should be, of sincere admiration: but neither writer is blind to Wren's defects. Mr. Fürst writes with particular warmth about Chelsea Hospital, and is, one may think, almost too generous in his assessment of Hampton Court: but Mr. Sekler is surely correct when he says that 'Wren's right to a place in the ranks of European architects of more than national importance can only be based on his church architecture'.

Since these books are published simultaneously and at the same price, some people may look to the reviews to help them to decide which they should prefer. The answer is not obvious, as the two books are in most respects quite unlike. Mr. Sekler's is a straightforward account in about fifty thousand words (admirably translated by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray) of Wren's life and work, well balanced, clearly arranged and finely printed: its eighty pages of plates include some beautiful photographs. Mr. Fürst will give you a lot more for your money: his book, with its voluminous notes and appendices, is about three times the length of the other. It is less easy to read, both because the style is less graceful and the print rather small, and on account of its subject-matter. It must also be admitted that Mr. Fürst is an opinionated writer, not much endowed with charity towards earlier writers in the field. But his erudition is formidable, and, particularly in his brilliant Part II, he ranges over such perennially interesting questions as the different ways of designing domes, and the roles of elliptical plans and of twin-towered façades in Baroque church architecture. There are no photographs in this book, but a rich collection of plans, elevations, sections, holograph drawings, and engravings, and, for good measure, a catalogue of Wren's library and some analysis of its significance.

Classical Influences on English Prose

By J. A. K. Thomson.

Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Dr. James Gow, once head master of Westminster School, was fond of telling his boys that Thackeray wrote better English than Dickens because he had learnt his Latin well at Charterhouse: Like most other dogmas this one is disputable from more than one aspect. At any rate it remains true that many accomplished scholars have written poor English, particularly one may say when occupied with translation. Mr. Thomson himself writes well, although his translations fall below his own original writing. He is not, however, so much interested in the details of stylistic artistry as in the broader influences of the different types of Greek and Latin prose literature upon our native authors. He points out that our historians and philosophers need not have been consciously imitating

the classical models, yet they could not escape their influence for they are the fountain-heads of all the greater forms of writing, including fiction in certain aspects. Moreover, even if our earlier writers had not been intent on the classics, the French and Italian writers to whom they had also looked for guidance had in their turn drawn fully upon the Greek and Latin models.

This is the third and most illuminating survey of classical influences that Professor Thomson has made and he may well be congratulated on this achievement of his retirement. In eighteen chapters he examines every kind of writing from simple narrative through the elaborations of rhetoric and philosophy and prose about prose, and finally to the easy colloquialism of letter writing. The book has great value as a critique of classical prose by itself as well as in its relation to English literature. It is the most readable and balanced book of its kind in this way that has appeared for some time. Nor of course does he neglect the specific imitations or influences that are discernible in English. The list of English authors in his index may seem surprisingly long to some. It only goes to show the all-pervading influences of the classics, and if later Professor Thomson would undertake a more detailed examination of the style of some of these writers, the results would be interesting. Dickens, for instance, who is only mentioned casually here, was no Latinist and shows himself antipathetic to the classics if anything. Nevertheless through his eighteenth-century models his earlier writing reveals more influence of Latin than he was himself no doubt aware of. The pompous oratory which may still amuse in the first of the *Pickwick Papers* is a parody of the decadence of the Ciceronian manner.

A Word Carved on a Sill. By John Wain.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

At a first reading, these poems seem like a collection of rather mannered pronouncements on what might roughly be called 'facing up to it': 'what's lost is lost and never can be found', 'it is a lie that time can heal a wound', etc. A formal and undoubtedly serious attitude to life finds its expression in the now familiar post-war intellectual *lingua franca* of tight-lipped statements: the wry, deliberate, self-limiting phraseology of the born sitter-out's dance-lyric. Truth is right in there with the boys: its evocativeness lies precisely—oh very precisely—in its care not to 'evoke'. This pokerfaced smartness wears at times a rather tired and faded air, as in a title like 'Don't let's spoil it all, I thought we were going to be such good friends'. Even if such a title doesn't remind us of Auden, the charming light poem 'Letter to Santa Claus' does, and also the *obligato* 'Patriotic Poem' which begins 'This mildewed island' and the conclusion of which . . . And her deep heart and theirs, who can distinguish?

reads like an attempt, not quite virtuoso enough (perhaps deliberately so), to rise into the grand manner of endings like ' . . . for the virgin roadstead of our hearts an unwavering keel'. And the worst poem here, in memory of a college porter, with its dreadful refrain 'No one was glad when the good grim man lay dead' (why should they be?), is just the sort of thing Auden, with his more highly decorated technical variety, could do without making such heavy weather of it, without, in fact, embarrassing us in this grim, persistent sort of way.

All that said, there remains in this book a hard, unmistakable core of genuine originality. Mr. Wain's best and most characteristic poetry does not know many things, but it knows one big thing, the key to which is in the Robert

Graves quotation from which the book takes its title and the clearest expression of which is in 'Poem in Words of One Syllable': it is about lovers:

Things it would pay you to know
They have to teach. These two are not twice one.
They are the one that stands up to the sky.
They share the thing that counts, that makes
time run.

This is positive: and it is said in this book with a sort of desperate, sensible sincerity, almost off-hand (as if the poet did not really expect the age to accept it) which becomes rather endearing and is oddly moving: representing as it were the decent minimum to which a thinking mind hedged in by its own longing for stability is prepared—all things considered—to commit itself.

But still for love the silly spirit pines
In searching for the logic of its dream,
In pacing endlessly those dark confines.

Mr. Wain realises that all literary dilemmas, and the movements which express them, are really moral and philosophical dilemmas, and that language must at present limit itself to what can be really felt and understood: what, in short, the writer can prove and so criticise. The result is a book whose limitations are as necessary as its achievement is rewarding.

The Communist International 1919-

1943: Documents. Volume I 1919.

1922. Selected and edited by Jane

Degras. Oxford. 55s.

The publication of documents of this kind in translation is one of the most useful functions which the Royal Institute of International Affairs can fulfil. This volume, moreover, is not nearly such stiff work as one might at first sight suppose, for these four years were full of excitements from the Communist point of view. At the beginning of 1919 the Third International was founded to deflect the allegiance of the workers of the world from the Second, or what the Communists chose to call the 'yellow', International, which held its first post-war conference in Berne in February 1919. The first Comintern Congress, which had to be delayed, was held from 2-6 March, and within a fortnight Hungary fell to Bolshevik rulers. This was hailed as the true beginning of world revolution if the proletariat could establish its power at the heart of Europe almost within sight of Vienna. It is a pity, incidentally, that the competent editor of these documents has cautiously reiterated the well-worn myth that Károlyi offered to hand over power to the Hungarian proletariat when we have recently learnt from his memoirs that the statement attributed to him was a falsification.

The Soviet Hungary of those days was a short-lived affair. But in 1919 and the next year or so Germany, Austria, and Italy were seething with revolutionary possibilities. The position in Italy was felt to be most promising and the Executive Committee of the Communist International (ECCI) addressed numerous exhortations to the Italian workers not to waste their opportunities. It is interesting to find the Italian Socialist, Serrati, objecting to the theses on the agrarian question adopted by the second Comintern Congress in August 1920; he came from the only country with revolutionary peasants (in Tuscany and Emilia), and he did not necessarily believe that 'Only the urban industrial proletariat . . . can liberate the working masses of the countryside. . .'. In December 1922 the Communist International recognised that a grave defeat had been suffered in Italy but exhorted the Italian proletariat to continue to resist.

For Russia herself the decisive events of this period were those of the Russo-Polish war in 1920, which, after the battle had swayed hither

and thither, resulted in a frontier far to the east of the Curzon Line, and then in 1922 the Treaty of Rapallo. The treaty with Germany transformed the position and prospects of the U.S.S.R. and gave it access to the techniques of German engineering and of German military organisation.

In view of last year's Russian excursion to Asia—how aptly that favourite Communist word 'predatory' would apply to the Bulganin-Khrushchev journey—the statements on colonialism made at the second Comintern Congress in July 1920 are of interest. In his speech at the opening session of this Congress Lenin remarked that 'The soviet movement has begun throughout the entire east, over the whole of Asia, among all colonial peoples'. A little earlier Bukharin had said, 'If we propound the right of self-determination for the colonies . . . we lose nothing by it. . . . The most outright nationalist movement . . . is only water for our mill, since it contributes to the destruction of English imperialism'. This was in the days of the vilification of the 'yellow' International because its members had allowed patriotism to affect their attitude towards the war.

The editorial notes to these documents are admirably compiled; in considering the translation the reader is sometimes tempted to wonder whether a little greater flexibility in the rendering of German tenses would not conduce to accuracy as well as to grace. But one would perhaps miss the sledge-hammer style with which Communism is by now indissolubly linked.

Britain's Wild Larder: Fungi

By Claire Loewenfeld. Faber. 21s.

There are several standard English statements seldom attacked with the scepticism they deserve—that February is always a wet month, for example, or that thatching is a dying craft, or that no one in England eats fungi (as distinct from the field mushroom). Mrs. Loewenfeld does not go quite so far as the last statement in her book on fungi as part of Britain's wild larder, though she plays with the notion, rams down our gullets a little too often that Everyone Else has the sense to eat fungi, and she does actually pronounce that these admirable and bizarre vegetables are an 'extensive source of nourishment, practically untapped in this country'.

A census of habitual fungus-eaters might be as surprising as a census of buildings newly (and expertly) thatched; but that does not mean that this book of Mrs. Loewenfeld's is not exceedingly welcome. Our fungus literature is a bit thin. For example, there is not a good, reliable, up-to-date, agreeably illustrated and reasonably ample fungus-flora (if those two words can be used together), which can be recommended with a clear conscience to amateurs and collectors for the oven. There are certainly a number of rather skimpy pamphlets, handbooks or introductions to the fungi you can eat and the fungi you would be wise not to eat; and some of these skimpy offerings do say a little (never enough) about cooking the fungi once you have caught them. Mrs. Loewenfeld's book may have certain characteristics of the Puffball (a degree of special pleading or puffing, and a degree of puffed-up substance), but it also has a solid centre and excellent culinary outworks (in the shape of nearly a hundred recipes, mostly continental). She describes competently the more delectable species, together with the Death Cap and some of its nasty, but less fatal, congeners; most of which are also pictured, disagreeably, it is true, in wishywashy tints and in a way that suggests colour-printing in Idaho or Aberdeen in 1903, yet competently.

The tone is just a little that of Ethical Gas-

tronomy and of a herbal atavism which, if it was not for Mrs. Loewenfeld's safeguards against indigestion, would suggest a sympathy with Dryden's view of primeval man who 'loud with akorns'—or Boletus—'belch't his windy Food'; one would be content with a little more Brillat-Savarin or Wine and Food Society, with fewer mineral salts plus vitamins and more delicate distinction of the delights or degrees of tastiness between kind and kind. Thus the Blewit (not Blewits, singular, as the book proclaims) is dull, and the Wood Blewit is pleasant eating; and the Oyster Mushroom (not at all tough, if you choose your specimens rightly) is too firm, clean, and piquant to be pushed out into a supplementary, cautionary list, in which the author sensibly places the Grisette and the Blusher. Also the Dead Man's Ear, or Devil's Trumpet or Horn of Plenty (*Craterellus cornucopioides*) is delicious on its own or cooked with onions, and not merely as a flavouring. A Shaggy Cap recipe may be added—one or two baked with a baked egg, laid simply on top of the egg. This can hardly be surpassed in cookery. Yet niggle as he may, the fungus adept should add this book to his few, promptly; he should be grateful, and he should consult it frequently.

Introducing Greece. Edited by Francis King. Methuen. 21s.

At a time when national passions have been unleashed over the Cyprus question, it is pleasant to read a book about Greece in which politics are not featured. Continuing the Methuen travel series, Francis King has assembled a competent team of writers to deal with the various aspects of Greece and the Greek Islands. There are numberless books on ancient Greece and its antiquities, and the pleasures of living in this legendary country, but the virtue of this new volume is that it is a practical and informative guide. It is divided into a number of sections: as well as a brilliant introduction by Mr. King himself, Ian Scott-Kilvert writes about Athens, Attica and Delphi, Robert Liddell acts as a guide to the Peloponnese and the Aegean islands, and other writers describe Crete, Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia in Thrace, and the Ionian Islands.

Although primarily a guide book it is well written, and Francis King has some pertinent remarks about the Greeks and their characters. For instance: 'Much of the conversation of Greeks is taken up with fantasies in which they believe but which can never be realised' or 'In few other countries can people so much enjoy making a splash. A part of this love of making a splash is the emphasis on appearance. A Greek labourer earning ten shillings a day will appear on Sunday dressed in neatly creased gaberdine trousers, a well-laundered coloured shirt of poplin or silk, and, not infrequently, dazzling white shoes'.

Introducing Greece is illustrated with a number of fine photographs, and the armchair traveller can spend a pleasant time, whilst reading this book, in making imaginary journeys to Delphi, Mycenae, Epidaurus, and to the Aegean Isles gilded with 'eternal summer'.

Living With Birds. By Len Howard. Collins. 15s.

Miss Howard is gifted with an amazing capacity for gaining the confidence of wild birds. Much of her book is taken up with a detailed account of the behaviour of 'Star', a hen great tit, with which Miss Howard managed to get into very close and sympathetic relations. It is said that St. Francis knew the language of the animals, but Miss Howard has, on the contrary, succeeded in teaching the animals, or at least in teaching 'Star', the language of men. 'Star' could count up to eight, and would tap out the correct number with her beak when

asked in words by Miss Howard; and, like human telephonists, she was muddled by a request for 'five' until it was pronounced 'fife'. We are told of the successes but not, however, of the failures. Miss Howard knew 'Star' for eight years, and gives a full history of her life, loves, and descendants, until she was killed by a cat in the nesting season of 1953.

Miss Howard's book is by no means confined to the exploits of this one bird and its relatives; it deals with many other species from blue tits and coal tits to warblers, thrushes, doves, flycatchers, and blackbirds, all of which had perfect confidence in her. 'It was often difficult for the fledgeling tits to feed on my hand because parent chaffinches and robins kept pouncing in front of them, pushing them away and taking the food, but some of them developed masterly hisses which effectively scared the pouncers'.

The book is well illustrated with photographs of many of the individual birds so lovingly described in the fascinating text.

The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilisation

By J. Eric S. Thompson. Gollancz. 21s.

For over a quarter of a century, Eric Thompson has been studying the Maya. He has camped in their ancient buildings, excavated their sites, and studied their hieroglyphic writing with a profoundness equalled by no other. In the course of his work, he has come to know the modern Maya of Yucatan, Chiapas, Guatemala, and especially British Honduras, with a degree of intimacy which enables him to interpret the works of their ancestors in the light of Maya mentality and character. *The Rise and Fall* is not an archaeological text book in the ordinary sense, and it is not designed to give details about such tools of the archaeologist as pottery styles, although it contains information and interpretations which no archaeologist concerned with the Maya can afford to ignore. Thompson is concerned rather to tell a story, and this he does in a lively and interesting way.

Much patient and laborious work has been expended on Maya archaeology, and readers of this book will get an up-to-date idea of it, served up in an agreeable and readable form. They will learn how much of our knowledge of the Maya is based on fact, and will be able to distinguish the directions in which speculation is profitable from those in which it is merely foolish. The book is highly recommended.

Walt Whitman Reconsidered

By Richard V. Chase. Gollancz. 16s.

Whitman as man and poet found his first admirers among sophisticated European writers, but he has made little appeal to modern intellectuals. On the other hand a good deal of vague idolatry survives. Mr. Chase, who understands the American genius, of which Whitman was a unique embodiment, better than any European could, combines real appreciation for a poet of genius with a refreshing critical alertness.

Much writing about Whitman in the past has concerned itself with his prophetic status or his quality as a mystic or pseudo-mystic. Mr. Chase admits that there may at times be a kind of mysticism at work in Whitman's poetry, but finds little more in it than vague thought and diffuse metaphor, and does not pursue it further. Nor is he interested in technical niceties, though he is keenly sensitive, as Whitman was himself, to the value of words as spontaneous, creative agents. His appraisal of Whitman is both literary and historical. But he looks at him, as he puts it, 'from the underside, where the elegist is not only a world prophet but an unsurpassable poet and where the liberator of the soul is not only a preacher but a great comic writer and realist'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Well Off but Unhappy

WE DID NOT NEED 'Panorama' to remind us that although the Swedes have the world's highest living standard, they are not its happiest human society. The several Swedes interviewed

subject of automation is being carefully considered, etc., etc. There are uncomfortable outcroppings of thought on that matter that have not yet been widely voiced, I think, in Sweden, America, or anywhere else; for example, the relation of the labouring many to the super-capable few.

'Panorama' and 'Report from America' were two of the more serviceable of last week's pro-

dash to proceedings that could easily lapse into extension-lecture drabness.

Also newly come from another channel, Christopher Chataway got off to a good start last week in his first B.B.C. jobs as interviewer and jollier-up of discussion programmes. He used the microphone well in the Swedish interviews for 'Panorama' and was effectively busy again in 'Give and Take', in which representatives of the new Fleet Street generation took up Father Agnellus Andrew on points of his belief as a Franciscan. This encounter was interesting less for what we heard than for its being staged with the gloves off. It really could have been a set-to and maybe the producer, Huw Wheldon, was as disappointed as I was that there was no knock-out. The Fleet Street challengers had not sufficiently trained for the bout and Father Andrew's defence left many openings which were unseized. We ought to have had a feeling of elation for one side or the other, whereas what remained with me was the idea that belief may, after all, be a matter of constitution, not of intelligence. Anyhow, it is not the spectator who should be forced to the ropes.

There was another instalment of 'The Lost World of Kalahari', that truly fascinating African travel series which has taken us over a long and difficult trail in search of the last of the Bush people. Coming up with them in their sandy waste, we shared Laurens van der Post's satisfaction at finding them by no means in mourning for what had been done to them by his forebears, whose misdeeds had led him to undertake this quest. He can surely now be more comfortable in his mind. The visual harvest of his adventure has enriched our knowledge of the world.

The outside broadcast cameras gave us a good account of several of the week's events: the Royal Show at Newcastle upon Tyne, where we saw the aristocracy of the nation's cattle and sheep paraded for our exclusive pleasure; the S.S.A.F.A. Tattoo at the White City Stadium; Wimbledon tennis; Hoylake golf; episodes in the royal visit to Scotland; and the start of the tall ships' race from Torbay. The unique visual memory of 'Ceremony at Sunset' from the forecourt of Holyroodhouse was the fire of the Queen's tiara as she came out on to the floodlit balcony. The tall ships' race on Saturday afternoon was an enthralling sight for us stick-at-homes, thanks in part to the cameramen who had to operate in choppy waters.

REGINALD POUND



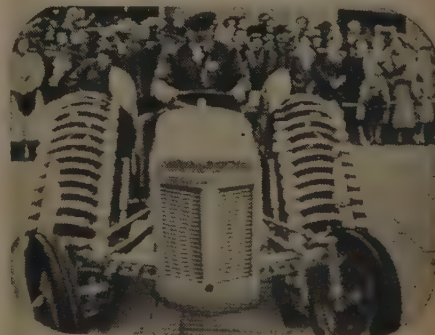
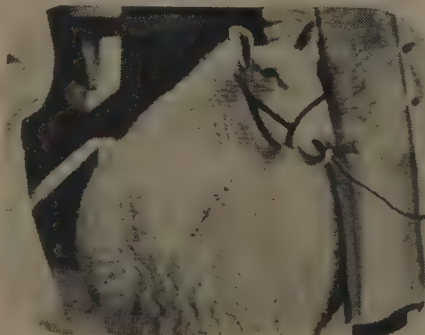
'Give and Take': a programme on July 5 in which Christopher Chataway (third from left) and six young Fleet Street journalists challenged Father Agnellus Andrew (right) to defend his beliefs

in last week's programme raised hardly a smile between them. Their national melancholy is unpoetic. It helps to make them a lonely people who fit a little awkwardly into the civilised comity. In achieving so much that is materially satisfying, they seem to have lost their dreams.

Now they are oppressed and may soon be overwhelmed by the leisure problem. 'There is a lack of drama in our social life', one of them told us. What there is of it is apparently supplied by those pathetic dudes, the teddy boys, of whom there is a large population. 'The people are so nervous now', said a parson, who also told us that religion is at a low ebb. The camera and microphone connected us with a convincing cross-section of the local life. There were students who would not have it that their sex morality has sunk to barnyard levels; 'It's been exaggerated by your newspapers'. There were critics of the extraordinary vertical suburb which has been built outside Stockholm. 'A mere living machine', said one of them, writing it off with a grimace. Shown to us by the film camera, it was seen to be a desperately ingenious essay in civic architecture with discouraging prospects for human individuality.

The deepening shadow of that same problem was cast over 'Report from America', which last week invited us to ponder current attitudes over there regarding automation and its free-time implications. The presiding interlocutor of the series, Joseph Harsch, who does a thorough job in that role, covered an impressive scale of opinion in his interviews with knowledgeable people, leaving us with no assurance that the Americans are going to make a more satisfying thing of leisure than the Swedes. At some other point in the viewing week we heard from one of our own T.U.C. leaders that the

grammes in that they opened our ears as well as our eyes to significant change. 'A Question of Science' was blandly instructive at a time of day when mental receptivity is apt to be low, 10 p.m. The programme originated in a rival channel as 'The Scientist Replies' and, as a production, it was better done than it is by the B.B.C., to whom credit, even so, for not being put off a good idea by its relative failure for commercial purposes. Skulls of omnivore, carnivore, and herbivore are not enormously congenial just before bedtime, though the human specimen reminded us oddly of Terry-Thomas. The present production treatment is too much like that of 'Inventors' Club', with its plodding earnestness and low-key pitch. I suggest that the specialist panel deserves a better mounting of the programme and a little more briskness from the chair. We miss Jeremy Thorpe, who under their commercial auspices brought a touch of elegance and



As seen by the viewer: the Royal Agricultural Society's Annual Show from Newcastle upon Tyne on July 5—a sheep of the Border Leicester breed; and a new tractor suitable for transport in the Arctic

John Curia



Scene from 'Abigail and Roger' on July 4 with (left to right) Grace Denbeigh-Russell as Mrs. Moloch, John Stone as Clive, David Drummond as Roger, Julie Webb as Abigail, Rosina Enright as Shirl, and Frank Williams as Mr. Meiklejohn

DRAMA

Two Nations, One Heart

AS DISRAELI, and more recently the Labour Party pamphlet, have asserted, we Britons are two nations, divided horizontally. This has nothing to do with effete Southerners not being able to understand, let alone love, Northern Variety, but is supposed to refer to that unmentionable, class. It is considered appalling bad taste to stress this division: and dreadfully obtuse to ignore it. Only during the war, firewatching and 'Itma', was the unseemly, well-noted threshold momentarily blurred. Now it is back. The Groves may be on holiday, but oh, for Abigail and Roger who have supplanted them! This pair of dears, whose very name is like a khell, come from the wrong side of the tracks, i.e., from W.I., the new poverty, the bowler-cum-duffle-coat brigade, and the impoverished *bas monde* of In London Last Night ('Debs eat mousetrap cheese at peer's party', etc.).

The new national hero and heroine fluttered briefly on the screen last week and were not universally liked. They nostalgically recalled to me that pair of newly weds in old imaginary *Punches* called, I think, Peter and Angela, who owned a tame woodlouse called Evangeline or something utterly, utterly charming of that sort. Roger is a duffer and knocks over the copper pile in the local: Abigail is breezy at her job, in her bed-sitter, in her social contacts. This is how Americans and Colonials believe that those of us behave who are not actually crumpet-eating peers or pearly kings. But the trouble is that neither Abigail's world, nor yet the Groves' world, quite takes to such fiction. Comments I heard in a real pub from Ron, Shirl, June, and Norm simply don't bear repeating. However, one must not condemn on a single showing. Perhaps the little episodes will earn affection. After all, the Groves seemed frightful at first, did they not? And look what they are now!

I once saw Miss Elizabeth Bowen dismissed in a study of the English novel as one who wrote about upper-class people—a dreadful pre-occupation, it was implied. True, one of the values which put *The Death of the Heart* among the most remarkable of modern novels is the marvellously acute mapping of the limits of the English class stratification between which poor unwanted Portia wanders, with her tactlessly left-about diary: Eddie's bed-sitter, Anna's catty Regency drawing-room, Matchett's sewing room, 'Karachi' in the Cromwell Road and

'Waia-kiki', Mrs. Heccomb's, at Hythe.

These perfect studies in class climate never came out on the screen with any bite or precision. I do not blame the adapters or the producer, for if Mr. Amyes could get so near the feeling of the book in his dramatisation, it stands to reason he would have wished (with more money or time) to reproduce more accurately (say) the lounge where Major Brutt learns from the blindly hurt child that he, too, is unwanted, a bore. So also with the tea-shop where St. Quentin Miller blunders in to letting Portia know her diary has been read and laughed over. The crucial Jamesian theme of innocence betrayed was not badly served, but I think Heather Sears, and certainly Robert

try with a play whose theme is that there are no second chances! This was Benn Levy's play, 'Return to Tyassi', concentrated, beautifully cast, and acted and directed with a touch which never faltered from the first angry banging down of the marmalade at breakfast, but which somehow made less moving an impact than the comparatively unprofessional 'Death of the Heart'. It is difficult to say why one is not more caught up in sympathy with Martha Cotton. Oddly enough—and certainly through no fault of Constance Cummings who played the heroine beautifully—our sympathy goes all to the chilly second husband (finely done, by Robert Harris). Perhaps it is that too many things are brought to bear in too short a time? The value of great simplicity in such plays gets overlooked. Eartha Kitt recently in a flimsy, fancy little play, 'Mrs. Patterson', invested our imagination in a way which complicated Martha of W.I. failed to do. But again, this play, even if it did not make so very much more of a convincing impression on the screen than it had on the stage, most certainly repaid watching—affording civilised pleasures. The producer was Harold Clayton.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



Heather Sears as Portia and David Peel as Eddie in 'Death of the Heart' on July 5

Speaight as Major Brutt, would have been able to get much more out of one of the most poignant and ironical scenes in modern fiction if the camera direction and the pictorial sense had been firmer. As for Matchett, that superb study of the maid, Beryl Measor could only look volumes: the thoughts remained buried, thus failing to make the proper conclusion to the sad tale of Portia betrayed. The whole thing should have come out on a higher level than some film of Colette's *Claudine*. All the same it made a distinguished, interesting, and civilised evening. Among the heart-breakers, David Peel as Eddie with his treacherous good intentions did as well as any.

Also this week, in which the moral pointed seems to be 'Lock up that Diary', we had another

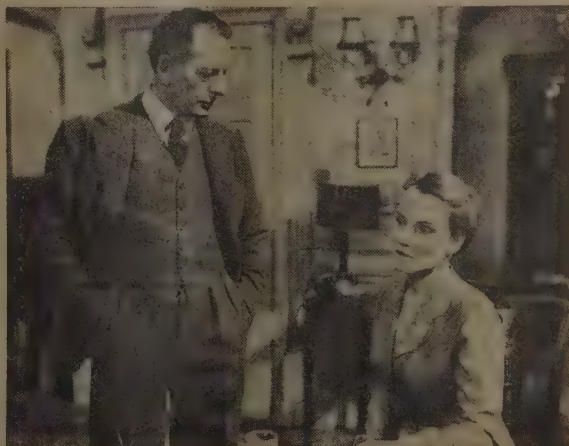
Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

What Next?

I HAVE USUALLY enjoyed anything to do with the Plans. Once upon a time they were the Papers. Whichever they are, they are dynamite. Naturally, their guardians have a way of leaving them on the mantelshelf, stuffing them into plant-pots, or just strewing them over a taxi. The rest depends on espionage, counter-espionage, and under-the-counter-espionage. Somewhere, in the past, there was generally a beautiful spy, but today she is a period exhibit. Never mind: while the Plans (or the Papers) are about, there is life in the old plot yet.

It was (in the words of the 'Intolerance' caption) like 'the good old summer-time' to find that there were Plans in 'Dear Stranger' (Home) as well as a personage who might very well have been a beautiful spy. When a girl called Irena Taksony is described as a Hungarian ballet-dancer and introduced to us in the entourage of the chief spy on the wrong side, what else are we likely to believe? But, alas, I cannot swear to all the facts of Saturday's play. It seemed to me that the normally inventive dramatist, Lester Powell, in his anxiety to bewilder us, talked too much and said too little.



Robert Harris and Constance Cummings as Gilbert and Martha Cotton in 'Return to Tyassi' on July 8

I could not concentrate with enthusiasm on this double-dealing in and around The Hague, though now and again ears pricked with delight at such a cry as 'Keep an eye on that briefcase. It has important papers in it'. These became, I think, Plans at the end (and the wrong Plans at that), but I am not going to quibble about it, and certainly not going to complain about the confident way in which Archie Campbell kept the piece swooping forward on the crown of the road towards an unlikely destination.

William Sylvester, hero of this Hague convention, wondered bitterly why an American lieutenant could not fall in love with a Hungarian ballet-dancer without being made the centre of a Hollywood spy-drama. Tough luck, we agree. But the poor fellow put up with his rough handling in the Dutch equivalent of Sly Corner, Sinister Street. 'Why was he found dead on my doorstep?' we heard him ask plaintively at one point. 'I get curious about the most unlikely things'. So do we; this what-next play hardly satisfied our curiosity. Mr. Powell appeared ready to offer the entire bag of tricks, but for once he could not hold me (as these things must) riveted, spellbound, or even in a vice: the penalties we have to pay for our attention. (Incidentally, I have never known a critic to laugh, while riveted, until his sides cracked.) Austin Trevor was suitably incisive as an Intelligence Chief called 'Hawk'; Howie-son Cullf spoke for the other end of Sinister Street; and Vera Fusek represented Hungary, culture—and who knows what else?—as a girl who made nonsense of 'Hawk's' theory that human beings are 'always predictable'. I wished that we had heard more of the girl in the theatre box-office: Ellen Blüeth, for two minutes, was delightfully downright, sun through haze.

Cedric Wallis, author of 'The Heiress of Rosings' (Home), had read 'Pride and Prejudice' and said 'What next?'—just as St. John Ervine once saw 'The Lady of Belmont' emerging from 'The Merchant of Venice'. (St. John Hankin, too, long ago, provided brief sequels to a dozen plays, from the 'Alcestis' to 'Hamlet', with a prefatory couplet, 'The curtain falls and I'm perplexed With doubts about what happened next'). Mr. Wallis wanted to know what happened to Anne de Bourgh, of Rosings, Lady Catherine's insignificant daughter, who could not live in the same book as Elizabeth Bennet. His solution is for Elizabeth (now Darcy) to marry Anne off to a Marquess who woos her as a music-master. This is a useful pastiche, even if it is too long and written expressly for the students of Miss Austen. In performance we were glad to meet Mr. Collins again—now quite ready to desert Lady Catherine for a Welsh living (when a Marquess commands what can a Collins do?). The Northampton Repertory players, if inclined at first to storm the microphone, settled down appreciatively. Mr. Wallis ought now to find a sequel to the sequel. What next?

We say that anxiously of 'By and Large' (Home). Last week's programme had plenty of manner but less matter, though we can rely on the protean voices of Peter Jones and Robin Bailey. The musings on astrology, nursery-rhyme delinquents, and the flyer who ate his way round the world, were perilously overstrained. A last elaborate joke, on the telephone service, went better, but it had been a near thing.

On, finally, to 'Meet the Huggetts' (Light) which some of us have encountered in the past in the spirit of Douglas Jerrold's 'east wind reviewing an apple-tree'. This episode, with Bobby developing a Robin Hood complex, was in the usual run. Still, I had to yield to the gently wheedling, sorrowful waver of Kathleen Harrison's voice. Even 'Hawk', with his

'always predictable', might have submitted at length to Miss Harrison. What next? Well, there is the alarming matter of 'The Hands' (Light), but, with a shiver, I must leave it until next week.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sudden Changes

TO MARK the fortieth anniversary of the Battle of the Somme, which opened on July 1, 1916, the Home Service gave a forty-five-minute broadcast in which twelve men who had taken part in the battle in various capacities recalled some of their memories. It was a programme of spartan simplicity, noiseless and featureless as such programmes should be. It did not give or try to give any outline of the long process of the battle, but consisted simply of a series of short talks in which each speaker in turn recalled various details as they arose in his memory, each talk being linked to the next by one of the twelve, J. L. Hodson. Nothing could have been more austere and I wondered, as I listened, what sort of impression it gave to listeners who had had no experience of an attack launched from trenches in the 1914-1918 war. Was it, perhaps, too scrappy to produce any effect? I found it impossible to judge because I could not listen to it coolly and objectively. From the start I was completely involved: detail after detail touched off memories of my own—though not of the Somme, which was no longer a battlefield but a desert by the time I got to France—and so my criticism can go no further than to say that the broadcast vividly recalled my own experiences. How strikingly exact, for instance, was the impression given by one of the speakers of the launching of the battle from the point of view of a man on the spot—simply a few soldiers climbing out of a trench and running forward; so unspectacular, so unlike what people at home must have imagined.

On the same day Alistair Cooke in his 'Letter from America' described a peaceful but equally drastic ruin of a countryside—the forty miles approaching Los Angeles from the south, a few years ago a beautiful expanse of orange and lemon groves, now a vast, huddled, squalid suburb where crowds have moved from the slums of Pittsburg to take a home in what for them is a paradise near the Pacific Ocean. As humanitarians we must rejoice at the change, which is more than can be said of the Somme Battle. I listen to Alistair Cooke more often than I mention him and have frequent reason to wonder enviously how he keeps up such a high standard week by week.

A more recent and even more sudden transformation was the subject of discussion in last week's 'Radio Link', the monthly programme in which speakers separated by hundreds of miles are able to discuss subjects of common interest as if they were sitting face to face round a table. With Robert McKenzie in London as chairman; speakers in France, Italy, and Norway, and John Freeman who has lately returned from Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia; and Thomas Barman, who knows Russia, compared notes on the reactions in the Communist Parties of those countries to the summary dethronement of Stalin. The effects have varied much from country to country, just as they did from individual to individual according to Manya Harari's recent account of reactions in Russia. One sympathises, or at least I do, with the bewilderment of the honest simple-hearted Russian, but I am unable to restrain a smile which is almost a grin at the spectacle of these bamboozled party members and fellow-travellers of other countries, all dressed up and of a sudden with nowhere definite to go.

It is a rare treat to listen to a political discussion between two members of opposing parties, in this case a Conservative and a Socialist, conducted with open-mindedness and perfect politeness. Time and time again I have complained that the vice of *odium politicum* turns such an occasion into a dog-fight discreditable to either side and a thundering bore to the disgusted listener. But in 'Scepticism in Politics', T. E. Utley and R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., discussed basic principles not only without compromise but without prejudice. The scepticism of the title was Mr. Utley's. He held that a capacity for doubt was a necessary quality in a good politician, who must accept what is good for the moment without erecting it into an eternal principle. Mr. Crossman, on the other hand, laid down two basic principles: first that all men are not rational but must be treated as if they were so as to make them so; and, second, that all men are not equal, but . . . and so on as before. For once I found a political discussion interesting instead of irritating, and switched off and went to bed with a mind not only unruffled but refreshed.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Music and Musicology

THERE NEED BE—indeed there should be—no conflict between the two, though conflict may arise when scholarship degenerates into pedantry and so deadens, instead of quickening, our interest. We have had during the past week a signal demonstration of the change—call it advance, if you will—that has taken place during the past two decades in the manner of performing music composed 200 years ago or more. The series called 'Composer and Interpreter', which has in the past interestingly contrasted performances of Beethoven or Brahms by Toscanini and Weingartner, is now engaged in setting side by side not merely different interpretations by distinguished musicians using the same medium, but entirely different ways and means of performing Bach's Brandenburg Concertos.

On the one hand there was Adolf Busch leading his picked band of musicians, the other soloists including such distinguished players as Evelyn Rothwell, Marcel Moyse, George Eskdale, and Aubrey Brain; on the other, August Wenzinger directing the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, whose very name suggests a more learned approach, the soloists playing on the formerly obsolete instruments specified in Bach's score—violin piccolo, recorder and corni da caccia replacing the violin, flute and modern valve-horns.

I would not suggest that Adolf Busch is not a scholar as well as a great musician. Indeed, we used to go delightedly to Queen's Hall in the nineteen-thirties to hear Bach's music played by his small orchestra, which made it sound so much better than the heavy mechanical ticking-over of Sir X.Y.Z.'s full modern orchestra. And Busch's performances still sound lovely. Yet I could not help preferring the Basle orchestra's performance of the first Brandenburg. It was lighter, brighter and, dare one say? friskier, and these are qualities which, in our reverence for Bach, we are apt to overlook when we come to the music he wrote for the entertainment of his patrons. Because he was eminently serious as a church-composer, is it to be supposed that he could not relax and jest at court—above all, at a court in the seventeen-twenties? Wenzinger's performance seemed to me exactly right in style, whereas about Busch's there still hung something of the heavy atmosphere of German romanticism. On the other hand, in the second Concerto in F major Wenzinger went completely off the rails in the finale, which was

taken at a pace far too fast for proper articulation, especially by the trumpet. In this judgement I am fortified by what Basil Lam had to say on the subject last Saturday in the first of two talks on the subject of the interpretation of Bach's music which might appropriately have been linked up with the 'Composer and Interpreter' series.

Wenzinger was also in charge of a performance, recorded at Hitzacker, of Monteverdi's 'Orfeo', in which the orchestra consisted of the instruments (or their nearest equivalents) specified by the composer. Some trouble, though not quite enough, had been taken with the ornamentation of the vocal line which, except in Orpheus' big aria, is mostly unadorned in the score. Thus Helmut Krebs, who sang the title-role finely, graced the penultimate syllable of his

'addio cielo', producing an effect, both musical and emotional, which was entirely right. So too Apollo (Fritz Wunderlich) graced one of his cadences; yet—and here is one sign of an insufficient thoroughness—Orpheus responding with a similar phrase, sang the cadence plain. Some of the recitatives were taken much too slowly. For all that this is a serious opera, the dialogue with Charon should surely go at a more natural talking speed; Monteverdi carefully inflected the music to match the inflections of the words, but this is quite lost if the pace is too slow, and the music becomes boring. This apart, how moving this archaic pastoral drama still can be, even when we are deprived of scene and gesture and facial expression! The orchestra did well, though the 'organo di legno' sounded rather drab and the 'chitaroni', if present, did

not make their presence greatly felt. Here is a case for judicious modernisation—it is no use making old music sound dreary to our ears in the interest of exact scholarship. We should be horrified by the winds of the celebrated Mannheim Orchestra, which eighteenth-century ears tolerated because they had heard no better.

The Wednesday Symphony Concert, given by the L.P.O., was conducted by Massimo Freccia with a brisk vitality which suited Rossini better than Haydn, and Haydn better than Ravel. I suppose it also suited Orff's 'Carmina Burana', but it seems to me to matter little whether this barbarous and boring negation of civilised musical procedures, which was much admired in Hitler's Germany and, indeed, faithfully reflected its standards of culture, was suited or not.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Songs of Joseph Marx

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

The 'Italienisches Liederbuch' will be broadcast at 10.15 p.m. on Monday, July 16 (Third)

AN appreciation of the music of Joseph Marx, like that of many of the best things in life, is the result of an acquired taste. One can be swept off one's feet by the gorgeous wash of colour, its most obvious quality, of the 'Autumn' Symphony, only to discover that it is merely the obvious and not by any means the only or even the principal quality; or one may progress from a first desultory interest in the songs of one more Wolfian practitioner to an enthusiasm for that wonderful song-writer, Joseph Marx. My first experience of Marx, like that of many other Marx lovers, was in the 'Japanisches Regenglied', the only one of his songs which has, as yet, achieved a relative popularity in England. It is, in many ways, an unfortunate introduction; written in 1909 (Marx was born at Graz in 1882) it is not a youthful production; but although in his earliest songs—the first of which appeared at the age of eighteen, winning general plaudits for their freshness—he went through a period of giving Wolf the sincerest form of flattery, nowhere in his avowedly Wolfian songs did he produce so complete an imitation. It is the Wolf of one of his most famous songs, 'Verborgeneheit', and the finest and most deceptive piece of imitation Wolf I have ever encountered; but it has, so far, successfully hidden in this country the main body of work of one of the finest and most original of *Lieder*-writers.

Marx's early Wolfian period did not last long but his own most characteristic style only slowly formed itself to completion. It has many facets; that he is a romantic will be a foregone conclusion for most people who hear his work and, in his Piano Concerto, he has avowed the fact in the title of the work. I hesitate to use this term, however, for it is a word I distrust. It should matter not at all for a sensitive and receptive listener whether Marx is or is not a romantic, whatever that may mean for any individual person; what should matter supremely is whether or not he has anything worth while to say in a language which, while demanding thought, is not difficult to grasp. Careful attention to his music reveals that he has and that what he has to say, and his manner of saying it, are his own.

His harmony looks backwards and forwards, and is not above borrowing from contemporary trends with which he is not, as a whole, in sympathy, rearing, in his large instrumental works, edifices of sound with foundations which are familiar whilst presenting a face we do not recognise. Some of his devices, such as a fondness for tri-planar harmony, recall our own

Vaughan Williams, but no two composers could sound more different from each other—no one more English than Vaughan Williams, no one more Austrian than Marx. His melody—and he is a great melodist—ranges from a long, arching *cantilena* to cryptic fragments that would not be out of place in mature Schönberg, and much of his music has the appearance of European pseudo-oriental music, with plentiful fourths and fifths plus the octave, in running series. This appearance, however, is not matched by the sound, which does suggest what is its probable root—the *organum* of the early Middle Ages. 'Castelli Romani', for piano and orchestra, for instance, is particularly rich in this feature. Finally, there is a strong attraction to Styrian folk-rhythms. Out of this heterogeneous collection emerges a complete, original, and powerful style, forceful without domineering, quiet without weakness. It is unmistakable and yet avoids reliance on trademarks.

Marx has written about 100 songs which, spread over his composing life, show most of his facets in miniature, although his instrumental works, in spite of sharing the same surface attributes, are a world apart from the songs. Perhaps wisely he has largely avoided setting poems already set by Wolf, although his manner of writing, different as it is, would have made comparison interesting. He rarely subscribes wholeheartedly to Wolf's dictum of the poem first and foremost, even in his early songs, nor are his songs to be described as for piano and voice. Rather, he writes for a single instrument which may be described as 'voce-pianoforte', and reaches back, in fact, to a Schubertian outlook: his vocal parts sing with a depth of simplicity often hidden by the appearance of the music, while the piano parts frequently reach virtuoso heights. But always the two act as one, never in defiance of each other, and at times, as in 'Abends', from the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, one comes upon a simplicity of design, expression, and execution that is breath-taking in its complete success.

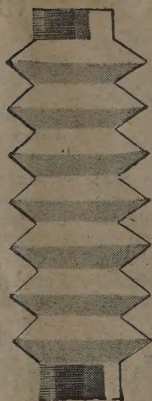
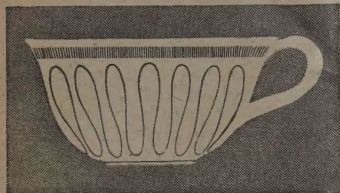
Most of his songs are written for piano, although in 1921 he produced orchestral versions of some of them. Curiously enough, skilful as these are, they introduce a sentimentality of sound which is not in the original. I have noticed the same peculiarity again and again in attempts to spread over an orchestra what is essentially piano music. To point the moral yet more plainly, when he sets himself to write direct for voice and orchestra, in, for instance, the magnificent cycle of five songs, 'Verklärtes Jahr', his grasp is complete and nothing could

be more convincing. Also, it is noticeable that in such songs his treatment of the voice becomes much more declamatory, and achieves at times a semi-recitative effect that is speech and lyrical song combined.

Like Reger, Medtner, Bittner, and Erich J. Wolf, the only exact contemporaries who are his equals in *Lieder*-writing, he has been criticised for overloading his piano parts, but this whole question, as with the four other composers, is largely a matter of control on the part of the pianist, plus an adequate understanding of the whole song. I know of no case where the extent of the piano part is uncalled for by the type of poem set. This problem, however, does not arise in the wonderful series of seventeen songs which comprise the *Italienisches Liederbuch*. These, while it would be unfair to much of his other work to say they are the high-water mark of his art as a song-writer, reveal a depth and intimacy which are peculiar to them. Written in 1912, with the exception of No. 1, which belongs to 1907, they are short and each presents quickly a vividly clear cut and highly finished picture or pinpointing of some aspect of deep feeling, with a lightness of touch which virtually creates the distilled Italian atmosphere which suffuses them, heightens the humour of 'Wofür' and the restrained poignancy of 'Der Verlassene', and seems to carry the whole swiftly before one, as on wings, so that the complete set presents, not so many separate songs, but a composite picture of life in a few deft and suggestive touches. Set to a selection of Heyse's superb poems, the whole is a *tour de force* by both poet and composer.

The extreme simplicity of 'Abends' I have already mentioned, and this is a quality which informs the whole set, with a force and authority of expression conveyed by means that, on paper, frequently seem meagre in the extreme. It is noticeable that in the second half, roughly Nos. 10-17, tension increases and mounts to the climax of the set, No. 15, 'Der Verlassene'. This is one of the great songs of the world. It is one of the oldest of stories, the girl who has loved and been deserted, and its treatment here makes it as new as if it had never happened before. Nowhere is Marx's genius more assured, nowhere does each little touch so serve to consolidate the feeling. Everything is contained in the sighing triplet and descending crotchets of the first bar; everything flows from and returns to this bar, the brief tragedy accomplished. The style is Marx, but the art could be Mozart. There is no finer single witness to the genius of a great *Lieder*-composer.

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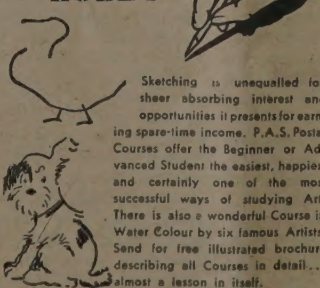
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DAY, EVENING AND SUNDAY CLASSES

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For the Housewife

Essential Foods for the Elderly

By PATRICIA TORRENS

IT is a common belief that as we get older we need less food. Up to a point this is correct, but we still need our quota of some important foods. Those, for instance, which help repair the daily wear and tear on our body tissues, namely, the protein foods, such as milk, cheese, meat, fish, and eggs. A regular and adequate intake of these foods is still important, even though our bodies have stopped visibly 'growing'. Also important are the foods containing mineral salt, especially calcium. Elderly bones tend to become brittle—they break more readily and take longer to mend than young ones. This may, in some cases, be due to a lack of calcium, the mineral which is largely responsible for the hardening, or calcification, of bones and teeth. The main foods containing calcium are milk and cheese, but bread and green vegetables are also a help. The foods I have mentioned also contain some of the vitamins which help the body to stay healthy in many different ways.

We do not all have the same needs for food, as our activities vary enormously: a vigorous elderly man who takes considerable exercise

obviously requires more food than another of the same age whose physical exercise is restricted by reason of health. But *both* require the foods I have already mentioned.

If for any reason it is necessary to reduce weight we can cut down on the foods which produce mainly energy (of which we need less than we did as youngsters)—and this means taking less sugar, fats, sweets, cakes and so on, the starchy, sugary foods, in fact.

I would suggest including daily, whether trying to lose weight or not, at least two servings of meat, fish, cheese, or egg, at least half a pint of milk and plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables (especially greens). I must hasten to add here that I fully realise we are not all millionaires. Please understand that the cheaper cuts of meat, and the less expensive types of fish are just as nourishing as game, steak, salmon, and so forth.

Good English tomatoes are coming into season again now and can be served in many different ways. An attractive and easy method is to take the pulp from a raw tomato and mix it with grated cheese, scrambled egg, minced meat, or

something of that kind. Fill the tomato shell with the mixture, and serve with fresh green salad.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

- S. FAWZI (page 39): Professor of Economics, Khartoum University
 RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS (page 41): journalist; formerly an assistant editor of *The Economist*, who recently visited Yugoslavia for the B.B.C.
 P. H. FRANKEL (page 43): an oil expert and economic consultant; author of *Essentials of Petroleum*
 ELLEN HELLMANN (page 47): Vice-President and immediate past President, South African Institute of Race Relations; past Chairman, Johannesburg Joint Council of Europeans and Africans
 F. FRASER DARLING (page 48): Senior Lecturer in Ecology and Conservation, Edinburgh University; author of *Odyssey of a Naturalist, A Naturalist on Rona*
 MARTIN BRAUN (page 53): author of *History and Romance in Graeco-Oriental Literature*

Crossword No. 1,363.

Nonsense Rhymes.

By Ramal

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 19. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

In any true crossword each word must have a complementary one similarly situated with respect to the centre (e.g., 1 and 26 D.; 13 and 25 A.c., etc.).

The clues to the crossword are given in the form of nonsense rhymes of two lines each. In the first line is given a 'direct' clue to one of the complementary words, while the second line contains an anagram of the other formed from consecutive letters which either begin or end at a complete word. The rhymes should therefore be paired, yielding two clues (one 'direct', one an anagram) to each complementary word. Wherever possible, the 'direct' clues are definitions or synonyms, but where this is impossible the clue may be in the form of a word or phrase having close association with the answer. For example, if the solutions of 16 and 24 A.c. were SAT and ATE, the paired rhymes might be: He didn't stand upon the lawn, but rather in the courtyard, For he'd dropped his doughnut in the (tea), and it made things very awkward!

The boiler consumed a lot of fuel; at least a ton a minute.

But his water was as ho(t as) hot; you could boil a kettle in it!
 Only in the case of 1 A.c. (10, 5), 34 A.c. (7, 8), and 3 D. (3, 5), do the solutions consist of more than one word.

CLUES—ACROSS

Oh! learned one, Oh! learned one, Oh! man of great renown, How does it feel to strut about, bedecked in cap and gown? (3). 'This rocket won't go off', he cried, 'I feel it's all a ruse'. 'Untie the sprocket plunger cord; perhaps it's blown a fuse!' (3). The Piper came to me and said, 'Won't you listen to advice? For I am setting out a plan to rid your town of mice'. (4). The knight surveyed his armour bright; from exposure it was rusting. The helmet and centre piece were red: it really needed dusting (9). The good prisoner was lamenting with such a woe!ful face. For how could he play cricket, confined in such a place? (15). A subtle shade of meaning he attempted to convey: I'll condescend to tell you more when the servants are away (6). Skilful the organ grinder was, and his organ well endowed. He'd engaged a little monkey for the amusement of the crowd (5). My café is a cosy place, and the decoration sweet. With pretty tables in each room at which my patrons eat (7). When I asked him why he chose that one of all the forty-eight, He answered, 'I can tell it knowing it will please my taste!' (7). Banana skins are slippery; proverbially so. So don't neglect, if you go out, to clear away the snow (3). The heroine sang so beautifully that the audience was enraptured. Was it false or so incorrect that all their hearts she'd captured? (9). That trident's quite an ornament, though it does look rather cheap. For when crossing the meridian an appointment you must keep (7). My opinion with unaltered spite, despite your superstition. As for the zebra being striped, I'm sure it's malnutrition! (4). With assurance and guile he plotted, and then he placed his bets; He thought his winnings might, perchance, end recent debts and debts (15). Plagued by night's erotic dreams, she moans and turns her head. But the little demon on her right left further things unsaid (7). I saw it needed someone skilled to make up that prescription. To say it looked most spider like, would be an apt description (5). A little time is all I need, and then I'll find some work. Such an uncertain life I lead, that I can't afford to shirk (5). The safe was very hard to crack; the bolt withstood his bludgeon. So finally he gave it up, and stalked off in a dudgeon! (3).

DOWN

Stage an opera by Puccini, wouldn't that be nice! And sink to lower levels by presenting it on ice? (8). 'For valour and your feats of arms', related the dispatch. 'For daring deeds and gallantry, impossible to match' (8). Come, my fellow buccannery, with oaths the air profane, Leave tender thoughts behind you and sail the Spanish Main (7). 'We mustn't sit', Badger gasped, 'The news is black as black'—Toad turned a corner at high speed and landed on his back (8). The village concert was proceeding very much as planned; A recitation by the Vicar; an

interlude by the band (8). I'll lay upon the grass and dream of bat, and ball, and crase. If you are keen, add up the score, but just leave me in peace! (7). 'Duped once more', Sherlock mused, 'It's a source of great surprise—But one is apt to be misled by Moriarty in disguise' (5). I'm very sorry, Millicent dear, to raise this point today, But my cat's sulking nowadays, because your mice won't play! (7). She leads a very sheltered life, removed from mundane things. A life subdued and tranquil, though happiness it brings (3). Nothing to do with money, though it sounds as if required, Peculiar clues form in my head, and I work as one inspired (7). When the Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea, their provisions consisted of very weak tea. A sticky confection in a cup, and a bottle labelled 'This side up' (9). 'Give me what is owed', he cried, 'for it is overdue. Unnecessary it should be I feel, to sue the likes of you' (3). Above the din and clamour, I at last espied, Archie with 'gin and it', doing the Palais Guide (5). Just keep it to yourself, my friend, and spread it not to others. Since you promised, can't you keep it dark, and hide it from your brothers? (9). Ex-President—I carry news of mutiny in the Guards. The C.O.—a dizzy fellow he—lost his busby playing cards (6). There was a tall baker of Walsham, as foolish as they make 'em, He'd enter each order in a book, and then forget to bake 'em (6). The astrologer was sighing, while gazing at the stars, 'Oh! to turn a magic knob, and vanish off to Mars' (6). 'That dish was quite delicious', the gourmand always says, 'Your cuisine, Sir—deservedly—wins eulogies of praise' (6).

Solution of No. 1,361

M	A	I	D	E	N	H	A	I	R	T	O
D	U	L	I	L	A	C	C	P	R	E	S
O	R	A	T	O	R	I	O	O	L	I	E
N	A	U	T	I	C	E	R	S	O	I	A
G	E	R	A	N	I	U	M	E	D	E	L
A	V	E	N	S	M	I	N	E	R	V	A
L	I	L	I	S	T	O	P	E	E	N	E
S	N	A	P	J	U	P	I	T	E	R	B
P	E	M	O	U	S	E	A	P	O	L	O
O	C	E	R	N	E	L	A	N	T	L	I
P	L	U	T	O	N	A	U	D	I	E	N
P	A	R	E	S	I	S	B	A	C	H	U
Y	M	R	T	L	E	S	T	S	E	T	S

NOTES

The twenty-one unclued lights are to be found in Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable under 'Flowers and Trees' Across: 9. LI-LAC. 13. ORATOR-IO. 16. A. A. Milne's 'The Dormouse and the Doctor'. 22. I-SOT-OPE. 25. Hidden. 26. Two mngs. 30. Two mngs. 31. 38D. P-EASE. 32. M-O-USED. 37. ANT-LION. 38. Milton's 'Paradise Lost'.

Down: 2. O-LINE (anag). 4. P-RISE-R. 5. REV-LOVE (anag). 6. Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break'. 7. A. A. Milne's 'The Dormouse and the Doctor'. 16. SLAG (anag). 19. SITU (anag). 21. VER-ONE-SE. 24. SPICE-PT (anag). 27. LAMOUR. 28. P-ORT-ER. 29. LORE (anag). 30. (BLIN. 34. LOCUST). 35. C-L-AM. 36. D-EVIL-RY. 41. 38D. CE-AS-E. 42B. 8. TH-O-U.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. C. Knight (Esher); 2nd prize: M. Gilligan (Dundalk); 3rd prize: Mrs. N. L. Cross-Rudkin (Lenzie)

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